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LONDON'S FIRST GREYHOUND-RACING: THE NEW SPORT AT THE WHITE CITY—THE START OF A FLAT RACE.

The new sport of greyhound-racing, as already practised at Manchester and elsewhere, has now come to London, and the first meeting was arranged for June 20 on the recently constructed track at the White City. There are flat races and "hurdle" races. Greyhound-racing is remarkable for speed. After the parade of dogs round the course, the animals are penned in the starting box (on left in drawing). Each dog wears a number-cloth of distinctive colour. The mechanical hare, controlled from the tower (centre)

gathers speed in a complete circuit of the track, running on the guide rail. As it passes the starter, down comes the flag, up goes the door of the pen, and the dogs flash after the quarry, moving at an astonishing pace. From start to finish a race occupies about twenty-nine seconds. After the race the hare, which is never caught, disappears into the tunnel seen on the right in the background. The whole course is electrically lighted, and on very dark nights a bulb is placed on the "hare."

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. TURNER. (COPYRIGHTED.)



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

I WAS in Warsaw about a week before the day when that city appeared in our newspapers, very nearly for the first time, merely because it had been the scene of a political murder. I had left just before the murder happened; indeed, my friends welcomed me back to England with sarcastic congratulations on the rapidity of my escape from the scene of action, or the skill with which I had left my accomplice behind me. I need not say that, with equal gravity, I corrected them, drawing the very opposite moral. It was only when my moderating moral influence was withdrawn from a place that it instantly relapsed into conspiracy and carnage. But under all these ceremonial frivolities, I felt something decidedly serious; and what I felt was indignation.

What I object to, first and foremost, is the fact that Poland did appear in the papers simply and solely in connection with this vulgar scrap of police news. What I affirm without hesitation is that I *was* in Warsaw on the scene of action; on the day when all our journalists ought to have been there, and about which all our journalists ought to have written their sensational articles. I was there on the Third of May, the national festival which commemorates the one really astounding historical incident of our time: the day when Poland rose from the dead. It was quite ten thousand times more important than the day on which one particular Bolshevik went down to the dead. It was as if Atlantis had risen again in the middle of the Atlantic, with all its fabled cities and prehistoric populations labouring and thriving. Yet it is hardly too much to say that in the journalism of this country nobody has noticed the chief miracle of modern times. As Atlantis would have appeared in the middle of the sea, Poland has appeared in the middle of the earth, in the very centre of that Central Europe which so many imperial policies regarded as their own sphere of action, until an earthquake made a new mountain in the middle of the plains where their roads were to run and their armies to deploy. Atlantis might be the cause of a hundred shipwrecks if the chart were uncorrected; yet in the West it would seem that many have hardly altered their maps and never altered their minds. An Englishman actually addressed a letter to Warsaw, Russia; which a Pole very properly answered by addressing another letter to London, Germany. This huge historical change is also an immediately and intensely important political change. It is by far the most decisive answer to Red Russia, and very much better than the sort of wordy and windy answer given by our journalists and politicians, who talk so much about Russia and so little about Poland. To see the celebration of this great rebirth of time was really to see something, and to see something that could only happen in Warsaw. The murder of a chance Bolshevik might just as well happen in Wandsworth.

The pageant and parade of soldiers, on the national festival, took place in the great square where stood the Russian Orthodox Church, until the Poles pulled it down. Some have blamed them for pulling it down; and they are even divided among themselves upon the point, which is significant; because all Poles are patriots. That is where Poland differs from most modern countries; there are practically no Anti-Polish Poles. There are doubtless a

few Communists and a great many Jews. The Jews, however, are another nation; not only in the sense that the Poles think so, but also that the Jews think so. But being a Socialist, for instance, does not connote in Poland any tincture of that international indifference to flags and frontiers. Pilsudski, who has gone far enough to be called a militarist and an imperialist, is still by party title a Socialist. Poland, historically the most divided nation, is nationally the most united nation. But the Poles are highly civilised and highly desirous of being judged by the standard of civilisation.



A FAMOUS BIOGRAPHER OF THE EX-KAISER NOW ON A VISIT TO LONDON:
HERR EMIL LUDWIG, KNOWN AS "THE GERMAN CARLYLE."

Herr Emil Ludwig, whose recent book, "Kaiser Wilhelm II.," caused a sensation, arrived in London a few days ago. From his dramatic treatment of history he has come to be called "the German Carlyle," and one of his first acts here was to visit Westminster Abbey, expecting to find Carlyle's tomb there. Having discovered that "the sage of Chelsea" is buried at his birthplace, Ecclefechan, Herr Ludwig will doubtless include that village in his proposed Scottish tour. He was himself born at Breslau in 1881, and, like Mr. Philip Guedalla, practised law before taking to historical authorship. His book on the ex-Kaiser was reviewed in our issue of November 20th last. He has also written lives of Bismarck, Napoleon, Goethe, and Rembrandt.

Therefore, while they spread themselves splendidly in the great square where stood the Russian church, to celebrate their day of deliverance, they are quite willing to walk about in it discussing the pros and cons of their act of destruction. Personally, I think they were quite right, though all Polish patriots do not think so. If the erection of a building is a symbol and a memorial, the destruction of a building can be a symbol and a memorial also. The Place Saski in Warsaw is rather in the position of the Place de la Bastille in Paris. A good deal has been said against the Jacobins of the French Revolution, but I never heard of anybody who expected them carefully to preserve the Bastille as a national monument. And yet the Bastille had at least been put up by Frenchmen and not by foreigners.

It was impossible to be present on that occasion in Warsaw without feeling the historic emotions of which I speak; except one were comfortably protected by a complete ignorance of history. Unfortunately, we in Western Europe, and especially in this country, have often quite enough ignorance to protect us. Some of the remarks made by our politicians about the history and geography of Poland have become a familiar joke among educated people. The case is naturally even worse with that large mass of honest and intelligent people who are not politicians, and have no private secretaries to coach them—not even to coach them wrong. Herds of our children have been taught in our schools, first to adore the Germans, then to abuse the Germans, and after that (for all I know) to adore the Germans again. But large numbers of them are probably quite doubtful about where Poland is. Very likely they think it is in the Polar regions.

And then comes a murder, which is always good copy; and the whole story would have to be told backwards like a detective story which begins with a corpse. Only, as a matter of fact, it is generally not told at all. Anyhow, it is told in so partial and inadequate a way that it might almost as well not be told at all. It is the curse of all modern journalism that it has to begin at the wrong end. History at least begins at the beginning. But journalism begins with the latest news, and then, at the best, goes on to the earliest events and finishes with the first chapter. It is true that the relations of Russia and Poland are normally abnormal. It is true that they have always been strained relations; but the story of the strained relations is a very long story.

The murder may really have very little to do with the story; but then the story is much more important than the murder. It is much more essential that we should understand the position of Poland before the incident than that we should read a string of sensational paragraphs published just after it. I repeat, therefore, that it was much more interesting to be in the Place Saski on the Third of May and hear the bugles and the "Polish March" than to be there a week afterwards and hear the first news of Voikoff's end. For, at most, it was only an end; and what we have yet to learn is the beginning.

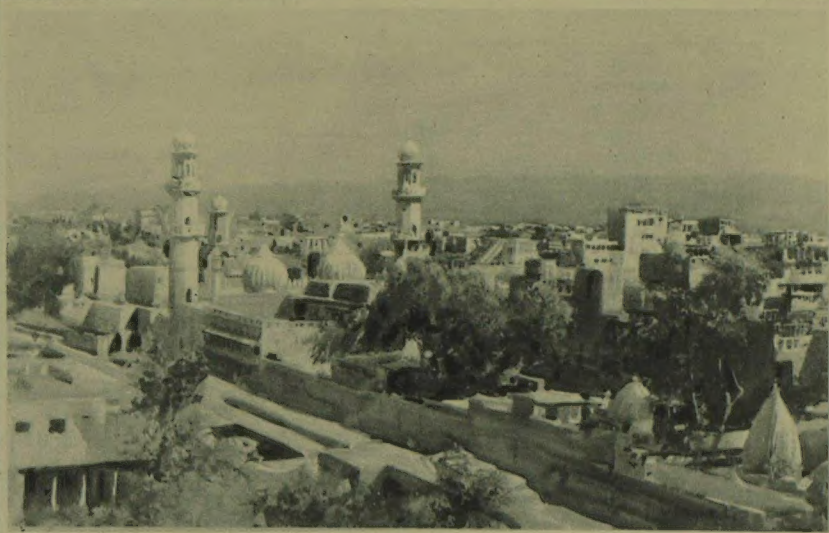
But if we are to draw a moral from this sort of morbid exception or violent incident, there can be no doubt about the moral to be drawn. It is always easy to tell the truth untruthfully. It is always easy to be on the right side for the wrong reason. And there is any amount of abuse of Bolshevism that is no better than Bolshevism; blind, undisciplined and irresponsible. If we want a test by which to separate heroics from hysteria or just indignation from self-indulgent vituperation, this crisis will give us one. He who remembers the name of Poland realises the real Red Peril. He who forgets her is using it only as a name. He who has a mind and a meaning in his Anti-Bolshevism will uphold Poland in this her crucial hour. He who does not trouble to uphold her has no mind and no meaning. Any newspaper could teach him to abuse anybody: he counts for nothing in the hour when Poland counts for everything.

INDIA—BY A GREEK ARTIST: BAGDATOPOULOS PICTURES.

FROM THE PICTURES BY W. S. BAGDATOPOULOS, EXHIBITED AT THE ARLINGTON GALLERY.



"CARAVAN FROM PERSIA ENTERING THE PLAINS OF PESHAWAR."



"PESHAWAR FROM THE FORT."



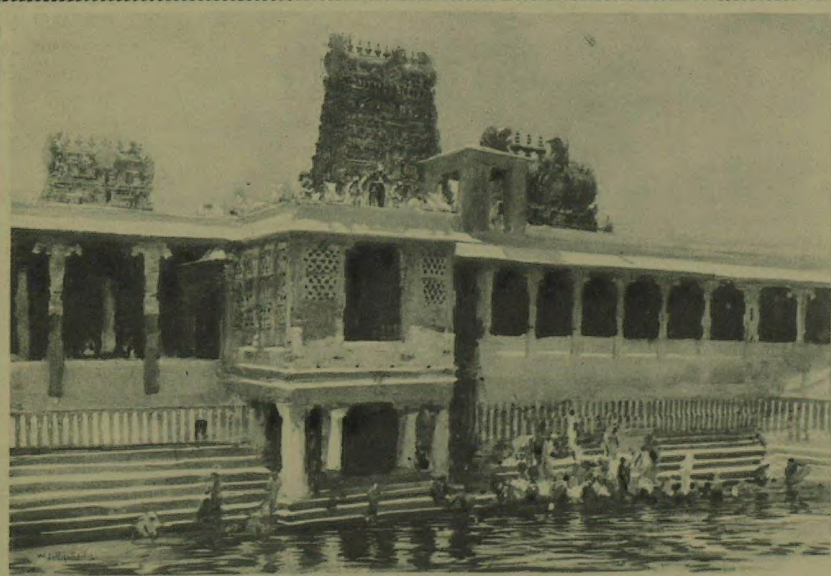
"IN THE BAZAAR, BIJAPUR."



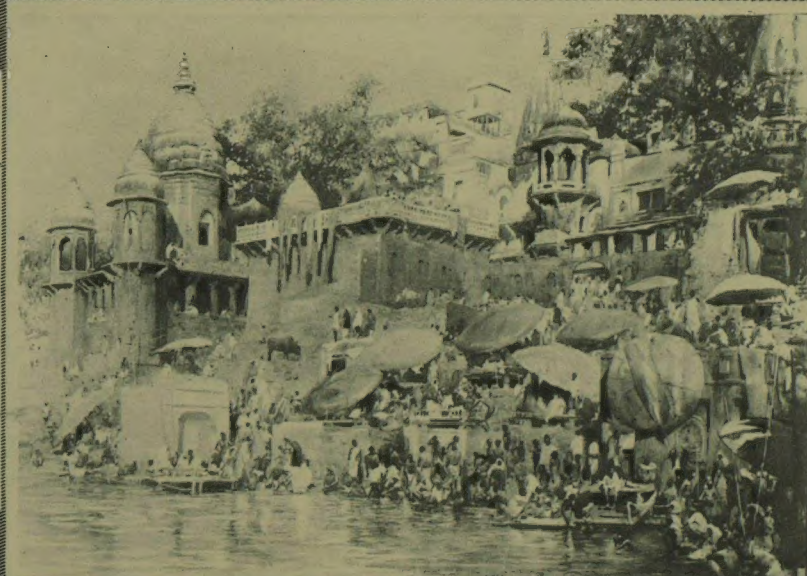
"A KASHMIRI."



"LAMA OF CONSTITUTIONAL HILL, DARJEELING."



"IN TEMPLE, MADURA."



"BENARES."

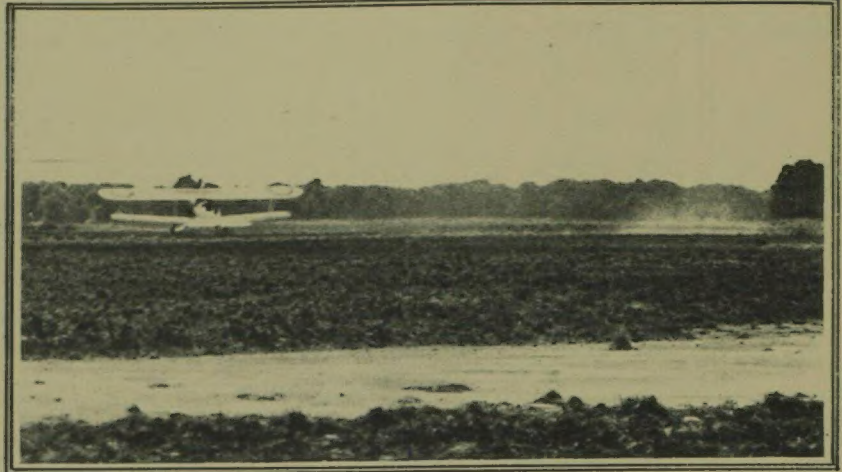
We illustrate on this page a selection from the exhibition of water-colours and tempera, by W. S. Bagdatopoulos, which opened at the Arlington Gallery, Old Bond Street, on June 15, and was continued until the 24th. The artist, it may be added, is of Greek and English parentage, and was born in Zante, one of the Ionian Islands, thirty-eight years ago. The greater part of his childhood, however, was spent in Holland, where his father was in business, and at the age of twelve

he entered the Academie van Beeldende Kunsten en Technische Weetenschappen, where he was the youngest student. As a result, it need hardly be said, his earlier paintings, more particularly, are distinctly Dutch in style. After he had left the Academie, he spent a number of nomadic years in the Near East. Then he came to London to study and to work, and, later, in 1924, he toured India for some eighteen prolific months.

THE CAMERA AS RECORDER: NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.



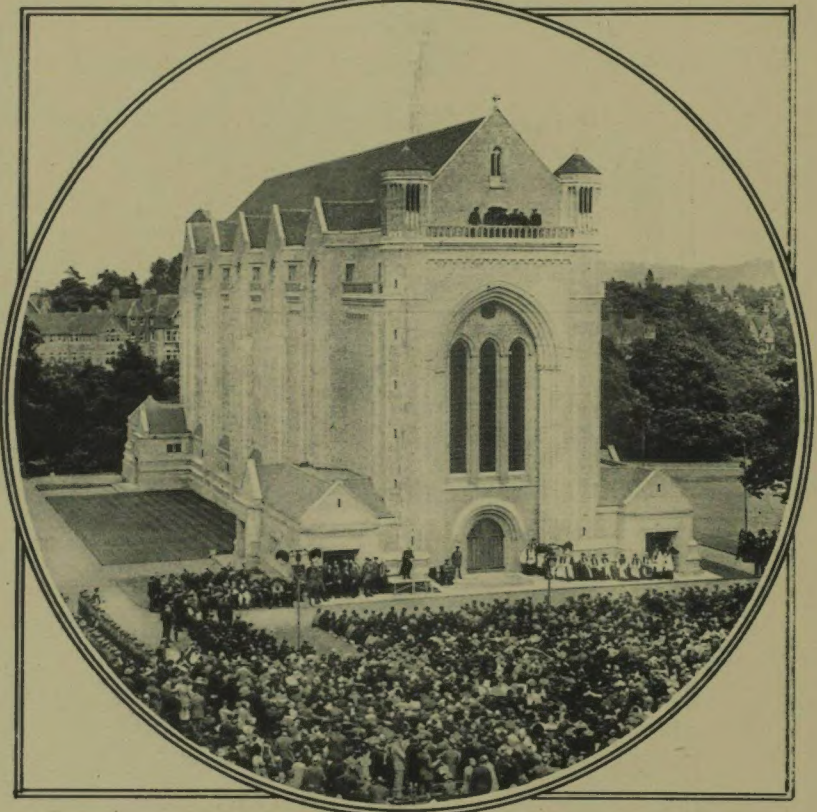
THE BEGINNING OF THE UNLUCKY SECOND R.A.F. ATTEMPT TO MAKE A NON-STOP FLIGHT TO INDIA: THE HAWKER-HORSLEY SOON AFTER LEAVING CRANWELL AERODROME—PHOTOGRAPHED FROM AN ESCORTING MACHINE.



THE HAWKER-HORSLEY LONG-DISTANCE MACHINE FORCED TO END ITS FLIGHT NEAR IPSWICH: FLIGHT-LIEUTENANT CARR MAKING HIS FINE LANDING AT MARTLESHAM HEATH AERODROME.



RAISED FROM SCAPA FLOW THAT SHE MAY BE DISMANTLED AND CUT UP: THE GERMAN BATTLE-CRUISER "MOLTKE," AS HER SEAWEED-COVERED STERN APPEARED ABOVE THE SURFACE.



HONOURING THOSE CARTHUSIANS WHO GAVE THEIR LIVES IN THE GREAT WAR: THE SCENE AT THE CONSECRATION OF THE CHARTERHOUSE MEMORIAL CHAPEL, ON JUNE 18



THE MEMORIAL TO THE LONDON RIFLE BRIGADE AT "PLUGSTREET": LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR H. F. M. WILSON UNVEILING THE TABLET AT PLOEGSTEERT.

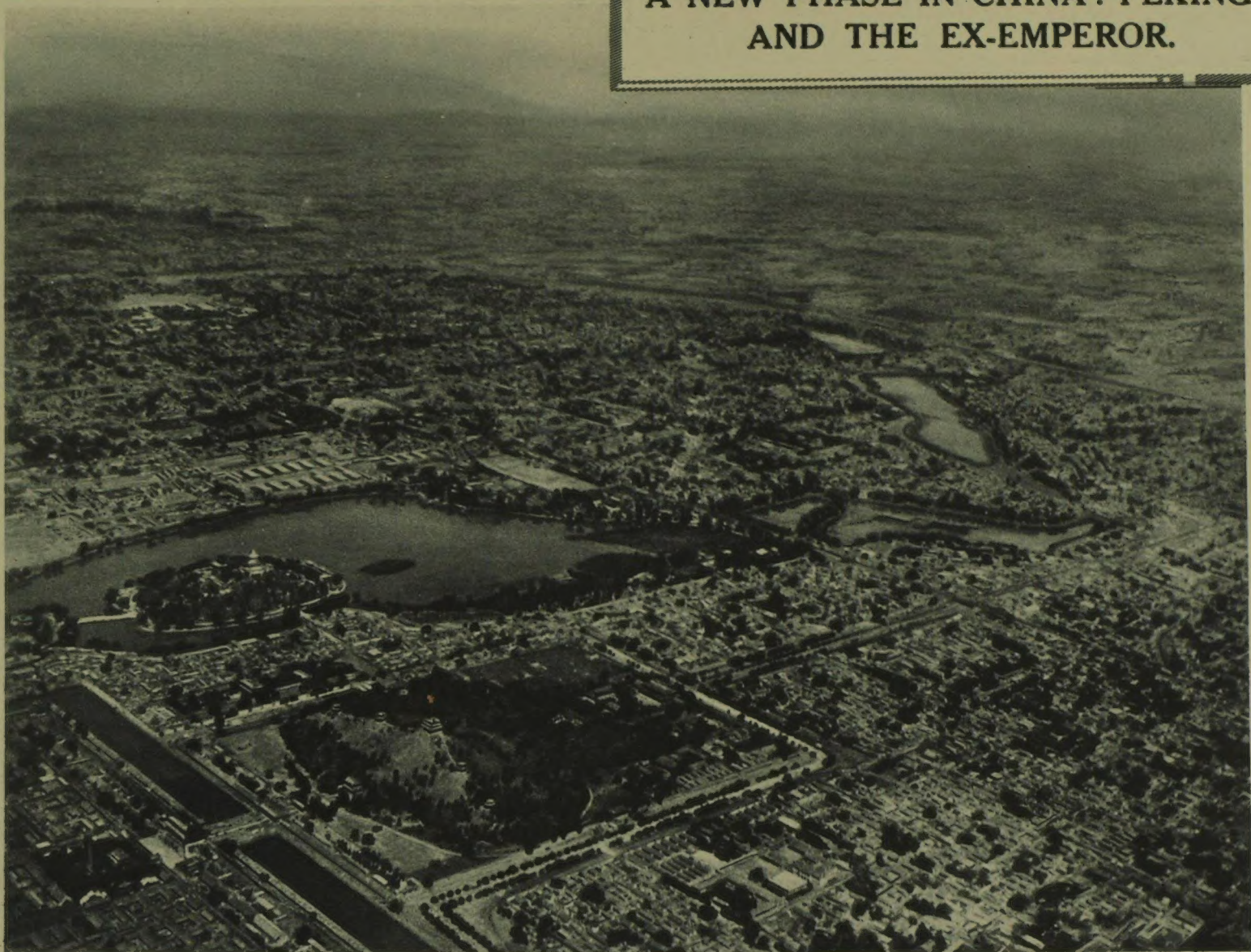
It will be remembered that the first Hawker-Horsley long-distance machine was wrecked in the Persian Gulf after travelling 3425 miles. The second machine started from Cranwell on June 18, but, unluckily, it became necessary to make a forced landing at Martlesham Heath Aerodrome, near Ipswich, owing to a defect in the lubricating oil circulation system. This landing was, in itself, a remarkable feat, for the aeroplane was greatly over-loaded; in fact, weighed almost double its normal figure, its load being 6½ tons, including nearly 3½ tons of petrol. Not a strut was broken, not a wheel damaged.—The German battle-cruiser "Moltke," which was recently raised from the depths of Scapa Flow, is now on the shore of Cava Island, where she will be dismantled. Her remains, which include some



THE SUBSIDENCE OF LAND IN KINGSFIELD ROAD, OXHEY: THE LARGE CRATER, WHICH HAS BEEN FILLED WITH THE AID OF SOME 1500 TONS OF MATERIAL.

23,000 tons of brass, steel-plate, gun-metal, and copper, will go into the smelting furnace.—On June 18, the anniversary day of the occupation of the school buildings above Godalming in 1872, the new Charterhouse Chapel (built by Carthusians in memory of the Carthusians who fell in the Great War) was consecrated by the Bishop of Winchester.—The London Rifle Brigade Memorial Tablet commemorates 91 officers and 1831 non-commissioned officers and riflemen killed during the Great War.—A curious case of land subsidence, involving danger of collapse to certain property, took place at Oxhey, in the residential quarter of Watford, last week. It is thought by some that it may have resulted from the sudden shifting of the bed of a stream which an old Ordnance map shows to have existed in the district.

A NEW PHASE IN CHINA: PEKING; AND THE EX-EMPEROR.



PEKING FROM THE AIR, SHOWING THE WINTER PALACE WITH ITS LAKE, AND COAL HILL (IN THE FOREGROUND): A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE CHINESE CAPITAL, WHERE MARSHAL CHANG TSO-LIN RECENTLY ASSUMED THE POSITION OF A MILITARY DICTATOR.



INCLUDING THE EX-EMPEROR AND EMPRESS: A GROUP AT THE BRITISH LEGATION, PEKING, AFTER THEIR EXPULSION FROM THE PALACE IN 1924.

From left to right (Middle row): Sir Ronald Mackay (British Minister), the ex-Empress, the ex-Emperor, and Lady Mackay; (Back row) Viscount Hinchinbrooke, Mrs. Wilder, Mr. Yoshigawa (Japanese Minister), Mr. Oudendijk (Dutch Minister), Madame Yoshigawa, Madame Oudendijk, and Mr. G. Vereker (First Secretary, British Legation); (Front row) Colonel Little (U.S. Legation), Miss Susan Addis, Miss Isabel Ingram, Mr. R. F. Johnston (the ex-Emperor's English tutor), Mrs. Leggett, Mrs. Little, and a First Secretary (U.S. Legation).

A new phase in China began on June 19, when Marshal Chang Tso-lin, the war lord of Manchuria, was formally installed as Generalissimo of the forces of the Republic and appointed a new Prime Minister, Pan Fu. On the same day the young ex-Emperor Hsuan-tung, or Mr. Henry Pu Yi, as he prefers to be called, who is only twenty-one, gave his views on the present position in China to Mr. C. J. Ketchum, special correspondent of the "Daily Express" at Tientsin. Mr. Ketchum recalls that the Emperor was driven from the Imperial Palace (in 1924) by General Feng Yu-hsiang, took refuge in the British Legation, and has since lived at Tientsin in the Japanese Concession. "He told me (we read) that he spent most of his

time studying the Chinese classics and English with his tutor (Mr. R. F. Johnston), and devoted hours to Chinese boxing. 'I never wish to be Emperor again,' he remarked. 'I want to help China as an ordinary man or a statesman. I would like and I intend to visit England, and then make a tour of Europe. After that I shall return to China and assist in the reconstruction of my great country. . . . China is suffering more than anything else from too many generals, struggling for their own personal gain. If all these armies could come under one great general, like Napoleon or Wellington, then I feel that I could help.' Chang Tso-lin's prospects, he thought, depended on what aid he got from England and Japan.

A GOVERNMENT OF TERROR.

"THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION." (1917-1926). By LANCELOT LAWTON.*

"FOR nine years the Government in Russia has been a Government of terror." By 1921 "all classes in the State were pauperised—bourgeoisie, proletariat, peasantry. Equality had been established"; and a Russian economist commented caustically, "St. Isaac's Cathedral in Leningrad was built of granite and marble with a lavish disregard for expense. It is estimated to have cost thirty-five million pounds, which, allowing for devaluation, is one-eighth of the price of an egg to-day." So much for the reign of those leaders of Workers and Peasants whose fantasy of fallacies was to have culminated in a great and glittering Transformation Scene: A new Heaven and a new Earth; or, the Outing of the Aristocrats, the Baffling of the Bourgeoisie, and the Apotheosis of the People!

The failure has been cruel and complete. Can anything worthy be built upon the ruins? Time alone can show. Conflicting notions of the ideal rule and the correct tactics; jealousies and distrust; false and finessed finance; the State as the Trust of Trusts; control and confiscation; sex frankness in *excelsis*; persistent propaganda; bribery and corruption; "merry robbery"; vile, verminous housing; the ignoring of the fact that man must trade; clashing interests of cowed townsmen and self-protecting countrymen; the crushing of individualism and the exaltation of bureaucracy; the belief that a nation can be self-contained and isolate itself in a greedy world: all have done their work. Russia is struggling in a swift and turbulent stream, clinging to that frailest of straws, World Revolution! And every moment she is demonstrating how futile Revolution can be when it banishes brain and relies solely upon brawn. Certain of her mistakes she has been forced to acknowledge; some of them she is endeavouring to remedy; in some of them she persists, blindly hoping for the best. After all, say many of her long-passive, long-suffering sons and daughters, it is wrong, but it is Russia.

Meanwhile, let it be repeated, Russia remains in a state of Revolution. Famine and Fear are in the land; especially Fear. Everywhere is the Germ Cell. "There are few detached dwellings in the big towns in Russia; the population is largely housed in blocks of flats. In every block, just as in every factory and every institution, there is what is known as a Communist fraction—or germ cell, as it is sometimes called—composed of Communists who have been lodged in confiscated rooms and who make use of confiscated furniture. The members of this fraction act as informers to the Secret Police; thus the State has witnesses in every man's home." As has been said, it is the same in the factories and in the universities and the schools. Mr. Lawton deals with a May Day procession. "In all Government departments and institutions . . . Communist fractions or germ-cells exist. These fractions took charge of the May Day arrangements, and informed all workers and employees that they must take part in the procession. In some instances they resorted to roll calls. Those who absented themselves ran the risk of dismissal from their employment. No wonder there were so many depressed-looking people in the procession; no wonder there was so little enthusiasm. Numerous banners flaunting words of freedom, bands of musicians playing revolutionary tunes—and a march of slaves!" Circuses, but no bread; even as it is now, with museums, theatres, and the like as "opium for the people," to use the Bolshevik definition of Religion.

Russia, in fact, is spy-ridden. The Imperial Okhranka was bad enough; the G.P.U. is at least as evil as its Tsarist predecessor was at its worst. "These initials (always pronounced by Russians as Gay Pay Oo—

the 'oo' as in brook) stand in Russian for State Political Office, which in plain language means Secret Police.

"The G.P.U. was set up in place of the Cheka, or revolutionary terrorist organisation, when that department was formally abolished. But the change was in name only; the methods remained the same. . . . It is a semi-military body composed of soldiers, police, agents and spies; its tentacles spread to all parts of Russia, even to remote villages, and it has its agents in all countries abroad. . . . What the G.P.U. may or may not do is a closely guarded secret known only to a few chiefs of departments, whose function it is to see that dictatorship is upheld. But if the powers of the G.P.U. be vague, its actions are sufficiently definite to convince anyone that the fate of every single individual in the country is in its hands. No one is free from its surveillance. Even the correspondence of Bolsheviks so highly placed as Kamenev and Trotsky is not exempt from its scrutiny. Its agents may enter any house at any hour of the day or night, and arrest any individual—administrative arrests these are called. Without resort to any formal trial, it may deport people to the remote places of Siberia or of the Far North. There is no appeal against its decisions.

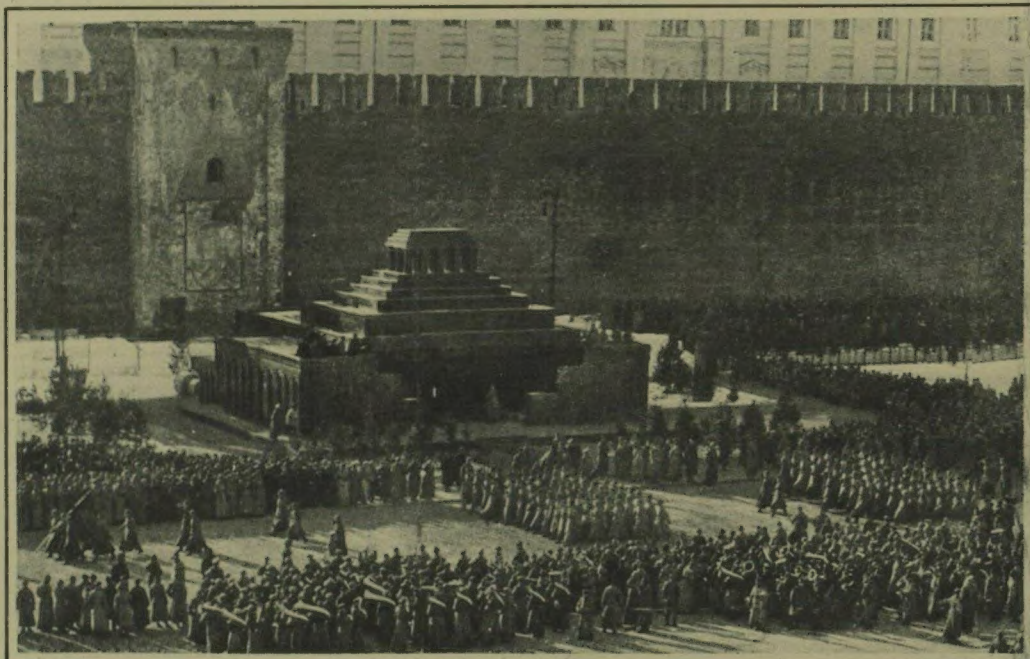
us. . . . We hang about the hotel and the streets all day—and never make friends with anyone."

Always the police lurk and wait, seeking counter-revolutionary activity, military espionage, speculation, and that new crime, "economic espionage." This last has been defined as follows by a high official of the Russian Foreign Office: "There are many owners of confiscated factories who would like to get their properties back. I don't blame them for this; but we have to keep a close watch upon them. They are constantly trying to communicate with the managers and workers of their former enterprises, and endeavouring to extract information as to how they are being run by the State. In plain language, they are plotting to get their properties back again. . . . That is economic espionage." While, as to speculation, there is the description: "A speculant (in Russia a special word is used to describe one who practises speculation) is one who sells or imports from abroad any prohibited commodity, who deals illegally in currency, and who, as a middleman in business transactions between the State and private enterprises, deprives the State of its just profits."

And the workmen of other countries may care to know that it is not wise to flout authority in the land of the hammer and sickle. "No one belonging to the deposed bourgeois class would be reckless enough to organise a public demonstration against the Soviet power. But frequently workers have gone on strike and have assembled in open meeting to express their grievances. These meetings have been broken up by the militia [police] or soldiers of the G.P.U., and the leaders have been arrested and sometimes shot. For these repressive measures the Government is armed with abundant legal powers. It may, for example, take the extreme view that a strike or a meeting is a counter-revolutionary act. In the Code there is, in fact, an express provision for such a contingency, for one article says: 'All members of any organisation which for counter-revolutionary purposes either opposes or utilises the normal functioning of Soviet institutions and undertakings are liable to the maximum penalty, and sequestration of all property.'

Upon this, Mr. Lawton, very naturally, comments: "It is evident that such laws may be interpreted to mean anything. They are not, I repeat, the laws of a country where normal peaceful life is in progress, but of a country where a Revolution is still in being, and where the Government maintains itself by terror." And Trotsky wrote: "The man who repudiates terrorism in principle—i.e., repudiates measures of suppression and intimidation towards determined and armed counter-revolution—must reject all idea of the political supremacy of the working class and its revolutionary dictatorship. The man who repudiates the dictatorship of the proletariat repudiates the Socialist Revolution and digs the grave of Socialism. . . . The question of the form of repression, or of its degree, is not one of principle. It is a question of expediency. . . . The Revolution works in the same way as war; it kills individuals and intimidates thousands. . . . there is no way of breaking the class will of the enemy except by the systematic and energetic use of violence."

That is to touch but one phase of Mr. Lawton's most thorough and most thought-provoking book, a phase chosen because it throws a certain light upon recent happenings. For the rest it should be noted that "The Russian Revolution" misses nothing that is of value to those who would understand and judge one of the most astonishing upheavals in history; and, particularly, that it is unbiased enough to give account of any good there is amongst the bad, to recognise difficulties, and to realise that, given change of heart, a sane—if far distant—future may follow a crazy past and a chaotic present.—E. H. G.



THE RESTING-PLACE OF "THE GOD OF SOVIET RUSSIA" AND A SCENE OF PILGRIMAGE: THE BROWN-VARNISHED WOODEN MAUSOLEUM OF LENIN IN THE RED SQUARE, MOSCOW—DURING A PARADE OF RED ARMY DETACHMENTS.

Reproduced from "The Russian Revolution, 1917-1926," by Courtesy of the Author and of the Publishers, Messrs. Macmillan and Co. (See Drawing on Pages 1168-69.)

"Often arrests are effected with great suddenness. A man is walking with his wife in the street. Someone beckons him, and he leaves her. After weeks and perhaps months have elapsed she will hear that he is 'somewhere in the Urals.' One of a company dining at a restaurant is called away suddenly; he, too, vanishes. Or an artist at a theatre is required to see a mysterious visitor between the acts—and never reappears. . . . It is true that the death penalty is not inflicted so frequently as formerly; but there is overwhelming evidence that many people are still executed at the instigation of the G.P.U."

Every wall has ears; and it is even said that certain hotel-rooms have hidden microphones! No wonder each suspects his neighbour. In "the most imposing and comfortable hotel in Russia" there is desolation. "And the porters and the waiters . . . regard the guests with evident distrust. Conversations are carried on in a low voice. A smiling (or even a pleasant) face is never seen. No one behaves like a normal human being. One feels that one is living in a home of conspirators—or a madhouse." To which Mr. Lawton adds: "So timid are some people that they will not be seen with a foreigner in the centre of a town. On several occasions I was told: 'Meet me at such and such a place (for example, the opera house or the railway station). Don't come up to me at once, but follow at a distance until we get to a quiet spot. Then I will give the signal, and you can come to me.' The few foreigners whom I met complained to me that existence in Soviet Russia was intolerable. 'There is no social life,' they said. 'No Russian dares to be seen with

* "The Russian Revolution (1917-1926)." By Lancelot Lawton. (Macmillan and Co.; 21s. net.)

ECLIPSES AND HOW THEY OCCUR: THE "DIAMOND RING" AND THE CORONA.



1. THE REMARKABLE "DIAMOND RING" PHASE OF THE ECLIPSE JUST BEFORE AND AFTER TOTALITY: AN OPTICAL ILLUSION DUE TO IRRADIATION, WHICH ALSO AFFECTS PHOTOGRAPHIC PLATES



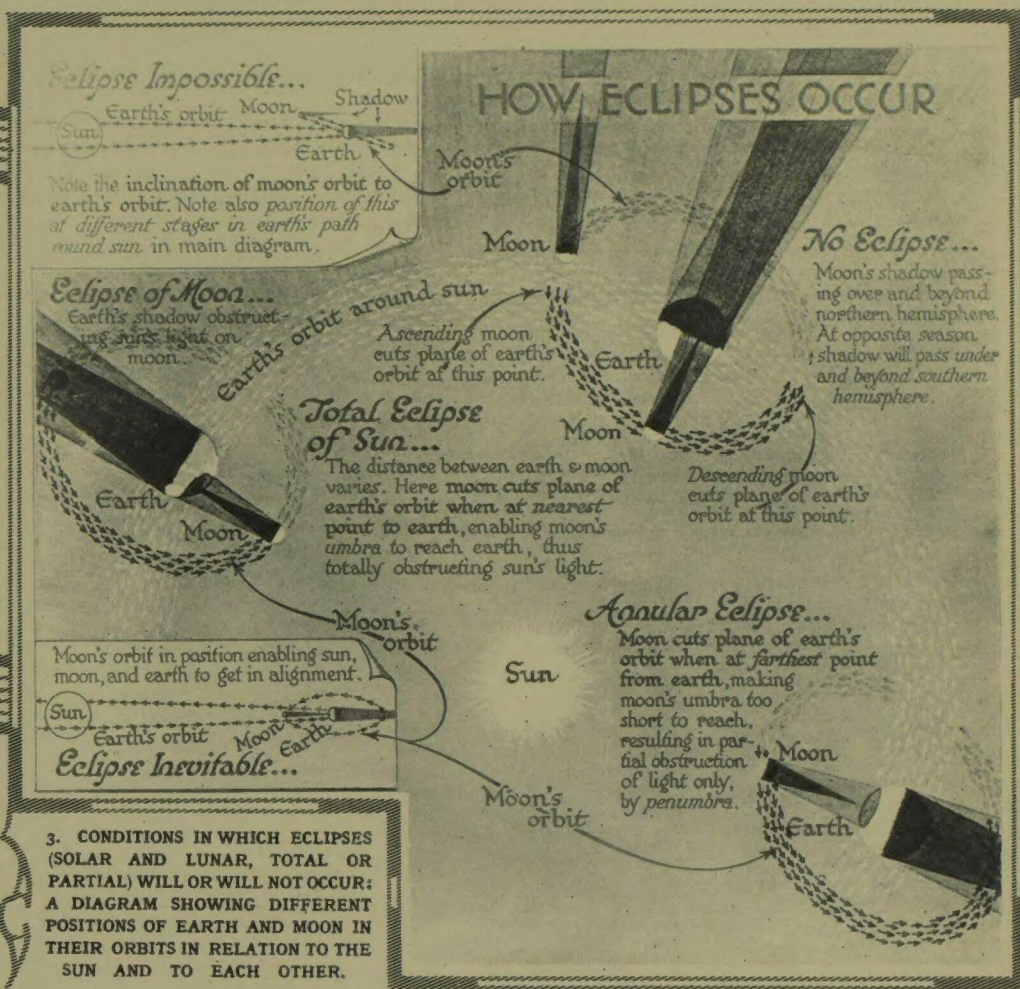
2. THE DARK MOON SURROUNDED BY A NARROW RING OF LIGHT, AND AT ONE SIDE "A DAZZLING SPOT LIKE A GREAT LUMINOUS JEWEL": ANOTHER VIEW OF THE "DIAMOND RING" EFFECT.



4. THE CORONA DURING TOTALITY: A PHOTOGRAPH FROM THE SAME NEGATIVE AS NO. 5, BUT PRINTED WITH SOMEWHAT LESS INTENSITY—SHOWING THE PROMINENCES AND PART OF THE CORONAL FRINGE.



5. SHOWING THE ENTIRE CORONA, WITH THE PROMINENCES STILL VISIBLE AS SPOTS ON THE PART NEXT TO THE DISC: A PHOTOGRAPH DURING TOTALITY, FROM THE SAME NEGATIVE AS NO. 4, WITH MORE INTENSITY.



3. CONDITIONS IN WHICH ECLIPSES (SOLAR AND LUNAR, TOTAL OR PARTIAL) WILL OR WILL NOT OCCUR: A DIAGRAM SHOWING DIFFERENT POSITIONS OF EARTH AND MOON IN THEIR ORBITS IN RELATION TO THE SUN AND TO EACH OTHER.

In view of the total eclipse of the Sun predicted for June 29, the above remarkable photographs (for which we are indebted to the "Scientific American") illustrating the similar phenomenon of 1925, are of special interest just now. The diagram in Illustration No. 3, computed and drawn by Charles E. Riddiford and A. H. Bumstead, is reproduced by courtesy of the National Geographic Society, of Washington, owners of the copyright. It is self-explanatory. Explaining the "diamond ring" effect, Professor Henry Norris Russell writes (in the "Scientific American"): "Anyone trained in optics can have no hesitation in interpreting

it as an illusion—an example of *irradiation*. All brilliant sources of light look bigger than they really are. A familiar example is an unprotected arc light. . . . The narrow, linear, returning shred of the sun (*i.e.*, after totality in an eclipse) is far brighter than an arc light. The conditions . . . call forth a maximum display of irradiation and make the short and narrow line of dazzling light look like a larger globe. The photographic film is even more given to this diffusion of light than is the human eye." Photographs 4 and 5 were printed from the same negative, in varying intensity to show different extensions of the corona.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



BARE FEET AND BARNACLES.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

THAT "fly in the ointment," of which complaint was made some thousands of years ago, seems never to have been eliminated. We find it still. I am not now thinking only of those who will by and

modes of life. So, then, I shall describe some of these larger species in preference to these smaller "acorn-barnacles." This more extended survey will afford an altogether more satisfactory conception of what Nature has done in the way of making barnacles. To begin with, while some species are enclosed in a stony case, formed of a number of separate pieces, set on a common circular base, others depend from long, flexible stalks. The species known as *Lepas anatifera* is one of these seen in the two lower illustrations (Figs. 3 and 4). The thorax, or leg-bearing portion of the body, lies within the case of shelly plates. The outer wall in one of these has been cut away to show the strange body and the fringed legs, at the bases of which lies the mouth.

Lepas is frequently fixed to floating logs and other wreckage of the sea, and sometimes, as a companion in its travels, is accompanied by another very remarkable member of another genus. This is *Chonchoderma virgata*. It is remarkable, because, as these photographs show, it is encased in a soft, leathery mantle, instead of a number of shelly plates. And furthermore, because that mantle is conspicuously marked with longitudinal black stripes. This is a peculiarly interesting feature, because such stripes occur in all sorts of creatures — fishes, amphibia, reptiles, nesting birds, and both young and adult mammals. And in all such cases it forms a protective coloration. It is not without significance that this, a soft-bodied, unarmoured species, should have a protective coloration.

Yet at one time in its history it apparently had the typical shell; for vestiges thereof are to be found embedded in the mantle in the form of a single tri-lobed scute answering to the stony plate: answering to the mantle of the fully armed species. The protectively coloured body seems to have been

developed in this creature as a consequence of the loss of the armature.

Scalpellum vulgare, shown in another photograph (Fig. 2), is a much older species, in point of time. The stalk, it will be noticed, is studded with small, elongated, transverse stony plates; but the shelly armature of the body at the end of the stalk is in process of decay. It is approaching the condition of *Chonchoderma*. Before these several parts of the armature could be exposed, I had to scrape away a layer of stout, short hairs, which I have left undisturbed in one specimen. The barnacles are for the most part hermaphrodite, but in some, as in *Scalpellum*, what are known as "complemental males" are found, in varying numbers, just inside the opening of the valves, and enclosed in a pocket of the mantle. They are exceedingly minute, and usually little more than bags of spermatozoa. But in one species of this genus they are much less reduced in size, and still retain the shelly plates of the body. Some barnacles display a wide choice in regard to their habitat; *Chonchoderma*, for example, being found, as we have seen, attached side by side with *Lepas*, or to floating wreckage, ships' bottoms, or rocks. Others, however, have but one habitat. *Coronula diadema*, for instance, is found only upon the bodies of whales. It has no stalk, and the broad base of the circular shell forms a series of chambers into which the skin of the whales, by the irritation set up, is induced to grow, making the hold on the body absolutely certain. From this there is but a step to parasitism. And this is found in certain species which infest the bodies of sharks. The stalk thrusts its way deep into the tissues of its host, and draws all

the food it gets therefrom. The alimentary canal has ceased to function. That these strange creatures are really "crabs in disguise" is shown by their larval history. For they emerge from the egg as a free-swimming "Nauplius," shown in the upper left photograph (Fig. 1). This is a common type of larva among the Crustacea. Next it passes into the "Cypris" stage. And here it ends its days of freedom. For presently it settles down on its head on to its final resting-place; the first pair of antennae develop cement glands; and, as soon as these have fixed the body, the shell of the Cypris stage, together with the biramous legs, is cast off, and the development of the shelly plates is begun. In the early stages of this change the eyes are lost, and the region of the head behind the antennae becomes greatly swollen to form the stalk—where this is present.

This strange transformation was first discovered many years ago by the naturalist Vaughan Thompson; though when he first announced his discovery no one would believe him. But since he was dealing with matters of fact and not of opinion, it only needed time to confirm his results. Darwin was one of the pioneers in the investigation of the "cirripedes" or barnacles, and the foundations which he laid have lasted till now. I have given but the baldest sketch of the life-history of these strange creatures, but I trust I have been able to say enough to show that barnacles, though sometimes a nuisance, are extremely interesting animals.

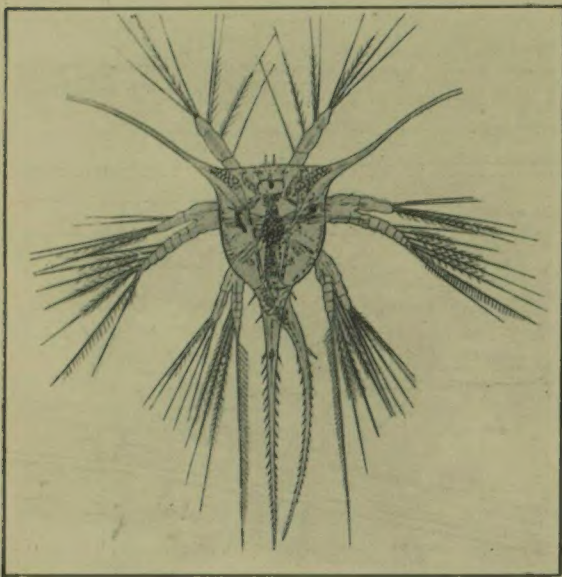


FIG. 1. PROVING THAT BARNACLES ARE REALLY "CRABS IN DISGUISE": A LARVAL STAGE, KNOWN AS NAUPLIUS, A FREE-SWIMMING FORM TYPICAL OF CRUSTACEAN LARVÆ.

After Groom.

The larval stage—which begins with the emergence from the egg—of all the barnacles is that of the typical crustacean. At the end of the second, or Cypris, stage, it settles down on its head, loses its eyes and larval legs, and fixes itself permanently by means of its antennae. By slow degrees the transformation into a "barnacle" is effected.

by complain that their haloes don't fit, but of the ordinary, less-exacting human who seems fated to find that the most alluring prospect, the most longed-for prize, is not quite all that it might be. This divine discontent is good for us: it prolongs life; it gives something to live for; it is the salt of ambition: joy kills. Such discontent is shared by all of us, young and old.

Take the summer holidays, for example. To the youngsters, at least, these are weeks of bliss. To run all day barefooted by the sea is joy indeed. To the more mature, who love bathing, these also are days of delight. But where the shore is rock-strewn there is an ordeal to be faced, for these rocks give pain to tender feet. And this because they are so commonly studded with sharp stony points formed by the shells of limpets and barnacles. They are anathema.

Nevertheless, these uninteresting-looking, skin-puncturing pinnacles are really living marvels. Let me, for the moment, confine myself to the barnacles. Break off a piece of rock studded with these shells, and put it in a fairly deep dish of clean sea-water, and watch it. Presently you will see each of these little stony tents opening at the top, and out will come a sort of little brush with the hairs curved to form a semi-circle. And every brush, as soon as it is clear of the top, will start waving back and forth with amazing energy. What is the nature of these brushes? They are legs—the legs of little crabs which have lost their freedom. Anchored to the rock by the head, they have to draw their supplies of fresh water for breathing purposes, and food, by creating currents of water in and out of the shell by the swishing of these feather-brushes.

How their bodies are fashioned, however, can be much more easily discovered by the examination of some of their larger relatives, which present very different forms and

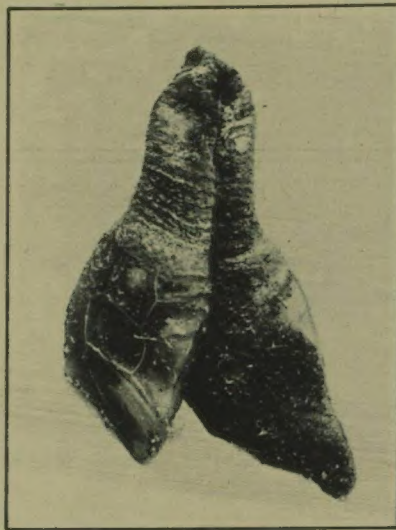


FIG. 2. *SCALPELLUM VULGARE*: TWO SPECIMENS OF A MUCH OLDER SPECIES OF BARNACLE (THAN IN FIGS. 4 AND 5) COVERED WITH SHORT HAIRS (REMOVED IN THAT ON THE LEFT).

Scalpellum, another stalked barnacle, is by way of losing its shelly armature, and, perhaps on this account, has developed a covering of short, pale-coloured hairs. Excessively minute males are to be found within the "mantle" of the hermaphrodite adult.

the food it gets therefrom. The alimentary canal has ceased to function. That these strange creatures are really "crabs in disguise" is shown by their

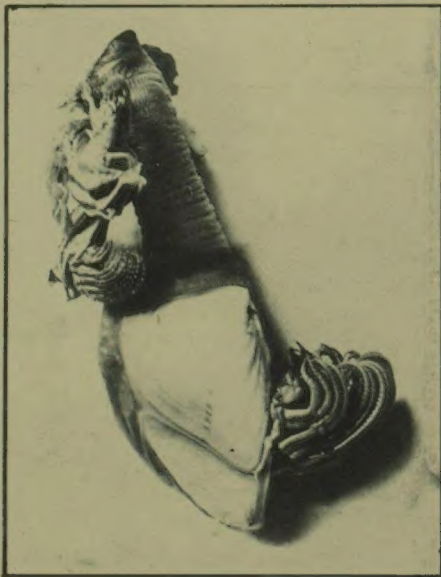


FIG. 3. AN INTERESTING EXAMPLE OF PROTECTIVE COLORATION IN BARNACLES: A STRIPED EFFECT ON THE BODY OF A *CHONCHODERMA* (HERE ASSOCIATED WITH *LEPAS ANATIFERA*).

The protective value of the striped coloration of the body of the barnacle *Chonchoderma* is demonstrated by the difficulty in exactly defining its shape in the photograph. It is not commonly found in such close association with *Lepas*. These two barnacles afford a striking contrast; for in *Chonchoderma* the characteristic shelly plates are wanting, the body being invested by a leathery mantle vigorously striped with black. In *Lepas* the shelly plates are strongly developed. In both types the legs are protruding, and it will be noticed that they have a short, grooved base, supporting a pair of jointed rods. After the removal of the shell from one side, the body of the barnacle is disclosed. The feathery-looking legs attached to the thorax are all that can be made out without further dissection. The thick stalk is formed by the anterior part of the head. The striped jacket of *Chonchoderma* is well seen here (Fig. 4). In *Lepas* the wall of one side of the shell has been pulled aside to show the body enclosed within.

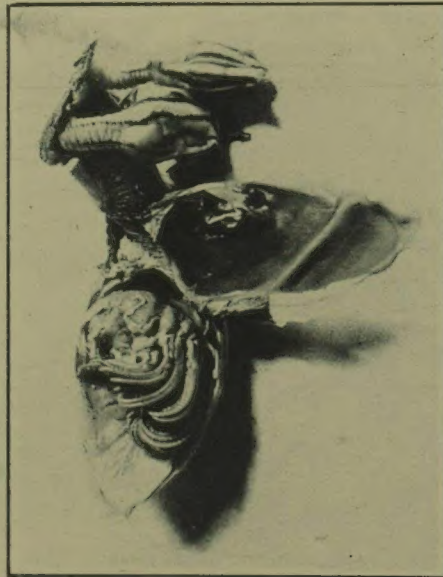


FIG. 4. THE SAME BARNACLE (AS IN FIG. 3) AFTER REMOVAL OF THE SHELL FROM ONE SIDE: THE BODY DISCLOSED, WITH FEATHERY-LOOKING LEGS ATTACHED TO THE THORAX.

A COMET THAT MAY COLLIDE WITH OUR EARTH ON JUNE 27.

DRAWN BY SCRIVEN BOLTON, F.R.A.S. (COPYRIGHTED.)



LOSING ITS TAIL, AND FORMING NEW ONES: THE DISRUPTION OF PONS-WINNECKE'S COMET, AS A RESULT OF THE EARTH'S DISTURBING ACTION—VIEWED THROUGH A POWERFUL TELESCOPE ON MAY 24.

"On June 27," writes Mr. Scriven Bolton, "the famous Pons-Winnecke comet, which revolves round the sun in $5\frac{1}{2}$ years, will come nearer the earth than any other body, save the moon, being then only 3,500,000 miles distant. According to Dr. Crommelin, the comet's orbit runs exceedingly close to the earth's (see inset). In fact, the earth's disturbing attraction may so wrench the comet out of its course as to cause a radical change in its orbit, or it may be drawn headlong into the earth. What would happen in the event of an actual collision we can only surmise. But astronomers now believe that, before striking our globe, the comet's head would be broken up into a million fragments, even if comets are not

already composed of merely loose particles. Before reaching the earth's surface, the débris would be burnt up by friction with our atmosphere, and the phenomenon would constitute a gigantic shower of meteors. A keen look-out should, therefore, be kept for any such display on or around June 27. Although the comet is as yet only a faint naked-eye object, in a powerful telescope it is seen to possess several tails of gaseous matter, thrown off by the head, as shown above." An astronomical correspondent of the "Morning Post" wrote recently, with reference to its approach: "Even if we ever did come into direct collision with a comet's head, I do not think we should suffer much harm."

WHERE CONSTANTINE WAS PROCLAIMED EMPEROR: HISTORIC YORK.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY EDGAR AND WINIFRED WARD. (COPYRIGHTED.)



MONK BAR, YORK (INNER SIDE): THE SCENE OF A DESPERATE ROYALIST SORTIE ON JUNE 24, 1644, DURING THE SIEGE OF YORK BY THE FORCES OF PARLIAMENT UNDER THE EARL OF MANCHESTER.



MICKLEGATE BAR (OUTER SIDE): THE PRINCIPAL CITY GATE OF YORK, THROUGH WHICH HAS PASSED ALMOST EVERY SOVEREIGN OF ENGLAND, FROM WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR ONWARDS.



A CORNER OF MEDIEVAL YORK MENTIONED IN DOMESDAY BOOK: THE SHAMBLES—A NARROW STREET WITH PICTURESQUE OLD HOUSES OVERHANGING ON EITHER SIDE.



THE NAVE OF YORK MINSTER: A VIEW LOOKING TOWARDS THE FAMOUS WEST WINDOW, ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL IN ENGLAND, AND STILL CONTAINING THE ORIGINAL GLASS.

The city of York, apart from the Minster, has a long and interesting history. Two Roman Emperors died there—Severus in 210 A.D., and Constantius I. in 310, whereupon his son, Constantine the Great, was proclaimed Emperor. Many historic events at different periods are associated with the four ancient gates in the city walls. Over the archway of Micklegate Bar is a modern shield bearing the arms of Sir John Lister-Kaye, Bt., Lord Mayor of York in 1737. Above (in centre) are the Royal Arms of England as used by Edward III., Richard II.,

and Henry IV., supporting a helmet surmounted by a sculptured lion. It is flanked by two York shields, with gilded canopies. An interesting allusion to the street illustrated above occurs in "York: the Story of its Walls, Bars, and Castles," by T. P. Cooper (Elliot Stock). An extract from the survey of York in Domesday Book states: "The Count of Mortain has there fourteen mansions, and two stalls in the Shambles, and the church of St. Crux. Osbern, son of Boson, received these and whatsoever pertains to them."

AFTER 1300 YEARS OF CHRISTIAN LIFE: YORK MINSTER TO-DAY.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY EDGAR AND WINIFRED WARD. (COPYRIGHTED.)

THE thirteenth centenary of the existence of a church on the site of York Minster is to be marked by celebrations, lasting from June 26 to July 6. On New Year's Eve, it may be recalled, the Archbishop of York went in procession at midnight to the Minster door and (before entering) gave thirteen knocks (one for each century) to usher in the memorial year. In connection with the celebrations an appeal has been made to raise a fund for essential works of preservation at the Minster "as a thank-offering for thirteen hundred years of Christian life." The Archbishop said recently: "At the end of thirteen hundred years the Minster is marvellously renewing its youth. Never has it been in itself more beautiful . . . and never before has it been more open to the people. Never was it more worthy of its great traditions." After two previous stone churches on the site had been destroyed by fire, the present Minster was begun in 1080 by Thomas of Bayeux, the first Norman Archbishop of York. The south transept was built in 1220-41, the north transept in 1241-60. The west front was finished in 1338, and the nave, which had been begun in 1291, was finally completed in 1345. The central tower and the choir arose between 1400 and 1423, and the two western towers between 1432 and 1474. York Minster, it may be added, contains some of the finest stained-glass windows in England. The west window (illustrated on page 1158, opposite) has been reconstructed, but contains the original glass, and for beauty and design is only equalled by one at Carlisle. The east window (75 by 32 ft.) is the second largest in the world.



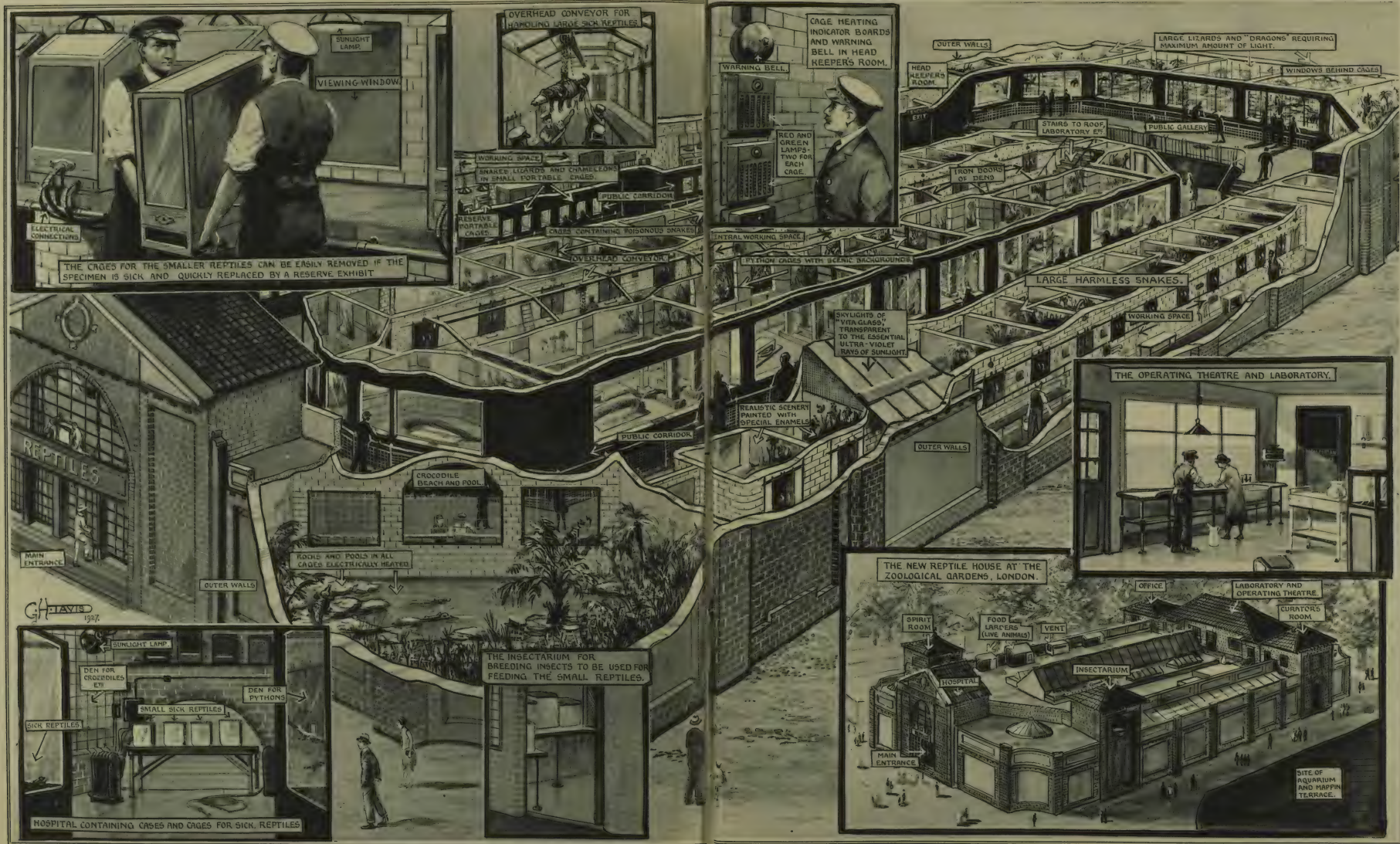
"NEVER HAS IT BEEN MORE BEAUTIFUL . . . NEVER WAS IT MORE WORTHY OF ITS GREAT TRADITIONS": YORK MINSTER—THE WEST FRONT (FINISHED IN 1338) AND THE CENTRAL TOWER (THE LARGEST IN ENGLAND, AND 213 FT. HIGH).



ONE OF ENGLAND'S GRANDEST MONUMENTS OF ECCLESIASTICAL ARCHITECTURE: YORK MINSTER FROM THE SOUTH-EAST—A VIEW SHOWING THE TWO WESTERN TOWERS AND THE CENTRAL TOWER, THE SOUTH TRANSEPT, AND THE CHOIR.

WONDERS OF THE NEW REPTILE HOUSE AT THE "ZOO": THE FIRST OF ITS KIND AND UNIQUE IN THE WORLD.

Drawn by our Special Artist, G. H. DAVIS, FROM INFORMATION SUPPLIED BY THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON AND THE ARCHITECT. (COPYRIGHTED.)



WHERE REPTILES ARE SEEN IN "NATURAL" SURROUNDINGS, AND ARE ATTRACTED

The "Zoo's" new Reptile House, whose scenic "natural" surroundings were illustrated in our last issue, is a pioneer work of unique design. While the Aquarium is an improvement on others, there is no really good Reptile House anywhere else (says an official note), and the Society had to break new ground. Miss Joan B. Procter, the Curator of Reptiles, was asked to prepare plans. She received every possible assistance from her colleagues (including Mr. E. C. Boulenger, Director of the Aquarium), . . . but in all essential features, from the general ground plan to decoration, the New Reptile House is her work. The architect was Mr. E. Guy Dawber, A.R.A. The house stands near the main entrance of the "Zoo." There are altogether 102 cages or compartments. In the centre of the building is an "island" house for poisonous snakes and large and dangerous creatures. Just to right of the entrance is the Crocodile Beach. At the far end (top right in our drawing) are five large compartments for the largest lizards, such as the famous Komodo "dragons."

GOOD VIEW-POINTS BY WARMED SURFACES: THE "ZOO'S" NEW REPTILE HOUSE.

A public corridor is dark, as in the Aquarium, and painted black to set off the cages, which are brilliantly lit from above. In the central drawing the lights are removed diagrammatically to show the interior. For painting backgrounds, to represent the natural habitat, motor-car enamels were used which change of temperature and are readily cleaned. The electrical installation for lighting and heating includes four miles of conduit tubing. As seen in the right-hand inset drawing at the top, there is an indicator board in the Head Keeper's room, with a red light showing if the temperature in any cage falls above a certain level, and a green light if it falls below the minimum point. A flat type of heater is used for concrete floors and rockwork, warming metal ledges arranged so that reptiles may be attracted to places where they are in full view. "Vitraglass" is used throughout to convey ultra-violet rays, and lamps to shed artificial sunlight. As the top left inset drawing shows, cages are detachable for removal of their occupants to "hospital."

DISCOVERIES IN THE LAND OF JOB.

By Professor FREDERIC HROZNY.

Professor Hrozny, of the University of Prague, is well known as the decipherer of the Hittite language and translator of many of the documents in the archives of Boghaz Keui. He has directed the first archaeological mission to the East sent out by Czecho-Slovakia. His remarkable discoveries at Kultepe (ancient Kanesh) in Asia Minor were illustrated in our issue of Oct. 2, 1926.

JOB hailed from the Land of Uz; we do not know the exact position of this semi-mythical land, but in any case it should be sought for somewhere in



MUCH DAMAGED BY EARTHQUAKES, FREQUENT IN THE HAURAN DISTRICT OF TRANSJORDANIA: THE NORTH SIDE OF THE JOB SANCTUARY AT SHEIKH SA'AD.

Transjordan. A very early tradition claimed to locate this land with exactitude in the Hauran, a district in Transjordan south of Damascus and east of the Lake of Gennesaret. The Hauran of to-day, which belongs to Syria and is under the French mandate, corresponds roughly in geographical situation to the district called in the Old Testament Bashan. It is in this district that tradition also places the home of Job.

The fellahin still call the Hauran, and more especially its most fruitful part, Nukra, "the land of Job." Arabic legends connect the memory of Job more particularly with the little village Sheikh-Sa'ad, which lies about thirty-seven kilometres east of the lake of Gennesaret. The Arabic historian Mas'udi says there was a mosque of Job there, and a spring in which Job washed; there was also said to be a stone on which Job and his wife Rahmah rested during his illness. This mosque is certainly the old Muslim sanctuary which rises above Sheikh-Sa'ad on a small hill. The inhabitants to-day still show a great basalt monolith which they call "the Rock of Job." This monolith is really a memorial stele of the Pharaoh Rameses II., about 1300 B.C., who had it erected when he was preparing to do battle with the Hittite King Khattusil III. Rameses was at pains to win the favour of the whole Hauran for this battle, so he offered sacrifices to the local god. Even the spring in which tradition says Job washed after his cure is shown to-day. It is called "the Bath of Job," and the sick still visit this shrine to obtain health; they smear the door-posts with blood in the way the Israelites before the Exodus smeared the door-posts of their houses with the blood of a sheep.

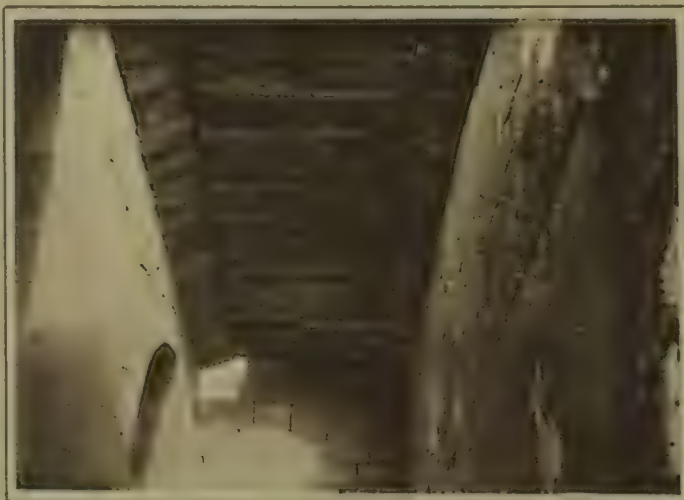
An earlier name of the village, according to the Arabic geographer Yaqut, is "the Cloister of Job." This cloister, now a ruin, but used at the end of the nineteenth century by the Turks for offices, lies three-quarters of a kilometre south of Sheikh-Sa'ad, at a place called Merkes. At the cloister the guides show the grave of Job and his wife, though previously this was

shown at Sheikh-Sa'ad. The Christian cloister must have been built about 300 A.D., and the place was then called Carnea. It is mentioned by Eusebius in the fourth century, and by the Spanish lady Etheria, who saw a stone from the grave of Job with "Job" carved on it. There can hardly be any doubt that this stone is the one now called "the Rock of Job," for the Egyptian artist has carved two figures on it. The Christian church of Job must have stood on the same site as the present Muslim shrine. The name Carnea shows that this is the place Carnium mentioned in the books of the Maccabees, and the Karnaim of the Old Testament (Amos vi., 13).

The place then had a long history. A very important monument had already been found on the surface, a lion carved in Hittite style. When means were placed at my disposal by President Masaryk and Dr. Benesh, by the Czecho-Slovakian Government, and other patrons, I decided to dig there. The excavations were undertaken in 1924, and some interesting objects were secured.

The Hittite lion probably belongs to the period about 1000 B.C. Near the place where it stood we found a large building of unhewn basalt blocks, to which we suppose the lion belonged. It may be that this was the palace of the prince of this locality, but it appears to have still been used during the Græco-Roman period. The presence of a lion of Hittite style so far south of the Hittite lands is to be explained by the fact that Palestine and Syria belonged, in the second half of the second millennium before Christ, to the sphere of influence of the great Hittite empire. Accordingly Hittite art exercised a very strong influence on the artists of Syria and Palestine. Near the large building we found a grave containing a stamp seal of Hittite type; the design on it represents a fish.

A very large number of interesting Hellenistic sculptures turned up. The statues are all of basalt, and were originally either the architectural adornments on, or erected in, the Greek sanctuary at this place; a few came from the cemetery near by. The principal examples are statues of the Greek goddess of victory, Nike, generally represented in Hauran with her left breast naked. The damage suffered by these "pagan" statues is doubtless due for the most part to the fanaticism of the early Christians. Among the other sculptures was a head decorated with a wreath of vine and grapes; it clearly represents Dionysos, and is very finely carved. From the number and variety of the objects found it is obvious that Karnaim was a seat of a rich civilisation in the Roman period.



THE JOB SANCTUARY AT SHEIKH SA'AD, ROOFED WITH LONG NARROW BEAMS OF BASALT: A MOHAMMEDAN STRUCTURE PROBABLY BUILT OF MATERIALS FROM AN OLD CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

Another important find near the great building was the fragment of a basalt block (part of a wine-press?) with an inscription in the Phœnician writing that was also used in Canaan; it dates from about 500 B.C., and reads "(So-and-So) has dedicated this to the god . . . for his life." The inscription proves that Phœnician writing was

used and either the Aramaic or Hebrew language spoken in this district.

We then tried our luck in the Job Sanctuary. This building is roofed, in the manner usual in Hauran, with long narrow beams of basalt. Its roof is carried to-day on eight pillars, joined by pointed arches. The dome rises immediately over the Stone of Job. The sanctuary has suffered a great deal owing to earthquakes, which are very frequent in the Hauran. This has resulted in a part of the walls, and especially the entrance on the north side, falling in. The usual Mohammedan "mihrab," the niche for prayer, which is turned towards Mecca, is in the south wall. This sanctuary is clearly of Mohammedan origin, but it is very probably built of materials taken from the old Christian church, the Basilica, which previously stood on this site and was visited by the pilgrim Etheria in the fourth century A.D., for in that church, too, there is a Stone of Job, as we have seen. Indeed, it is not impossible that certain parts of the Mohammedan sanctuary came from the Christian "Church of Job."

The old Christian Basilica was clearly rebuilt and changed into a Mohammedan sanctuary after the Islamic conquest of Syria in the seventh century A.D. Before the Christian church existed, there was



WITH THE FAMOUS "STONE OF JOB" (CENTRE FOREGROUND), ACTUALLY A MEMORIAL OF RAMESSES II.; AND (BEYOND IT) A MOHAMMEDAN MIHRAB, OR NICHE FOR PRAYER: ARCHES UNDER THE DOME OF THE JOB SANCTUARY.

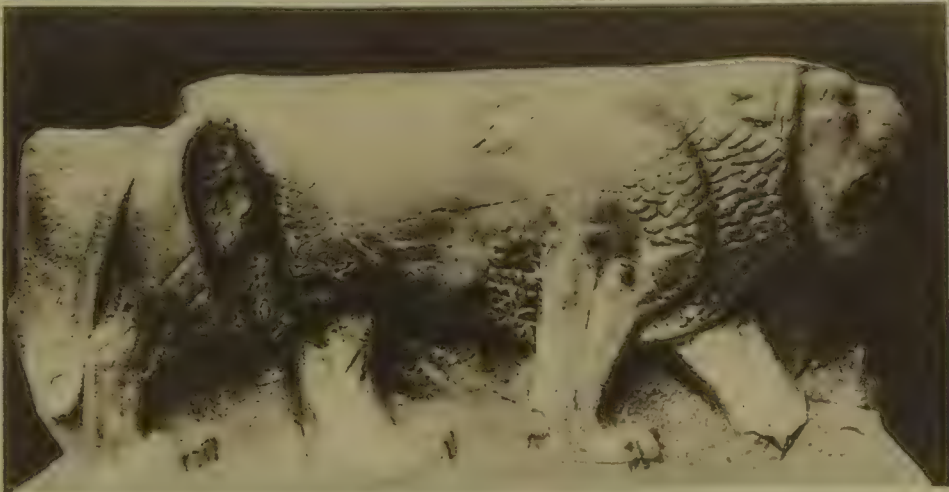
apparently a Greek sanctuary on the same site, and to this period the Hellenistic antiquities we found belong. We even found the flooring of the Greek sanctuary under that of the Mohammedan. Underneath the latter we found also, for example, a basalt relief representing the vine and bunches of grapes, a very popular subject in the Hauran.

We also uncovered the "Stone of Job," as it is called, or more correctly the memorial stele of Rameses II., which was covered in dirt and caked with the hard flooring of the Mohammedan sanctuary. The monument actually stands in the flooring beneath, which is clearly that of the Greek period, and is 3'11 metres high. It is divided into two halves by a break through the middle; since the break is almost straight and horizontal, I believe that the monument was intentionally broken into two halves, clearly for purposes of transport. On the side of the stone facing south an Egyptian artist has carved in low relief the figure of Rameses II. bringing offerings to the local god. The Egyptologist Erman has deciphered the name of the god as "Arkan of the North"; the name points to a Hebrew or Amorite population in this district, for Hebrews and Amorites were closely related.

The god "Arkan of the North" was worshipped in Karnaim in the second and probably for part of the first millennium B.C. His sanctuary, famous far and wide, was later taken over by the Greeks, then by the Christians, who dedicated it specially to the memory of Job, and finally by the Mohammedans, who continued and developed the traditions about Job, even though they worshipped Allah there. In the course of millennia cults change but retain the old places of worship.

ON THE SITE OF JOB'S HOME: RELICS OF HITTITE AND GREEK ART.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY PROFESSOR FREDERIC HROZNY, OF THE UNIVERSITY OF PRAGUE. (SEE HIS ARTICLE ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE.)



THE HITTITE LION FROM SHEIKH SA'AD, THE KARNAIM OF THE OLD TESTAMENT: A MONUMENT OF THE MIXED HITTITE AND SYRIAN ART OF THE EARLY PERIOD (ABOUT 1000 B.C.).



A LIONESS SPRINGING UPON AN AMPHORA: A FINELY CARVED RELIEF ON A BLOCK OF BASALT—ONE OF THE INTERESTING RELICS OF ANCIENT SCULPTURE FOUND AT SHEIKH SA'AD.



A WINGED NIKE, THE GREEK GODDESS OF VICTORY: ONE OF MANY HELLENISTIC STATUES OF BASALT.



A HEAD OF DIONYSOS WITH A WREATH OF VINE-LEAVES AND GRAPES: A FINE EXAMPLE OF HELLENISTIC SCULPTURE.

A HITTITE STAMP SEAL, CARVED WITH A FISH AS EMBLEM: A RELIC OF AN EARLIER PERIOD FOUND IN A GRAVE.



ANOTHER STATUE OF NIKE: ONE OF THE PAGAN SCULPTURES THAT WERE PROBABLY DAMAGED BY EARLY CHRISTIANS.



CARVED WITH A DESIGN OF VINE-LEAVES AND GRAPES: A BASALT RELIEF FROM THE GREEK LEVEL OF THE JOB SANCTUARY.



INSCRIBED IN PHŒNICIAN WRITING WITH A DEDICATION TO A GOD: A FRAGMENT OF BASALT, PERHAPS PART OF A WINE-PRESS (ABOUT 500 B.C.).



INCORPORATING A KIND OF SWASTIKA DESIGN: A FINE EXAMPLE OF ORNAMENTED MOULDING FOUND AT SHEIKH SA'AD.

The traditional home of Job is situated in the Hauran, a district of Transjordan. Describing his discoveries on the site (in the article on the opposite page), Professor Hrozny says: "Arabic legends connect the memory of Job more particularly with the little village of Sheikh Sa'ad, about thirty-seven kilometres east of the Lake of Gennesaret. . . . The inhabitants to-day still show a great basalt monolith, which they call 'the Rock of Job.' This monolith is really a memorial stele of the Pharaoh Rameses II., about 1300 B.C., who had it erected when he was preparing to do battle with the Hittite King, Khattusil III." Job and his wife are said to have rested against this stone when his three friends visited him.

The discoveries include relics of early Hittite art, as well as many examples of sculpture of the later Græco-Roman period. The ruined building known as the Job Sanctuary is of Mohammedan origin, but probably built of materials taken from a previous Christian church. "The old Christian Basilica," says Professor Hrozny, "was changed into a Mohammedan sanctuary after the Islamic conquest of Syria in the seventh century A.D. Before the Christian church existed, there was apparently a Greek sanctuary on the same site, and to this period the Hellenistic antiquities belong. . . . The damage suffered by these 'pagan' statues is doubtless due for the most part to the fanaticism of the early Christians."

HOW SHALL WE RECOVER THE ECONOMIC EQUILIBRIUM OF THE WORLD?

By **SIGNOR GUGLIELMO FERRERO,**

the distinguished Italian Philosophical Historian; Author of "The Greatness and Decline of Rome," "Ruins of the Ancient Civilisations," etc.

We continue here our monthly series of articles by Signor Ferrero, dealing with world politics as that famous modern historian sees them and interprets them. The views set forth in the series are personal and not necessarily editorial.

THE work of the International Economic Conference, held at Geneva last month under the auspices of the League of Nations, was prepared by an International Commission of thirty-five members. That Commission paved the way for the Conference by a long and minute enquiry into the economic situation of the world. The conclusion reached at this enquiry was that the world has continued to enrich itself, even during the last fourteen years, which have been full of wars and revolutions. The production of raw materials in the whole world, with the exception of China, about which we lack reliable information, was in 1925 between 16 and 18 per cent. greater than in 1913, whereas the population has only increased by 5 per cent. during the same period.

These figures, of course, do not claim to be absolutely correct; but they show plainly that the world as a whole continues to work and grow rich, despite political cataclysms. If goods in general have increased more than the population, we ought to be living in greater abundance than in 1912 and 1913. Why, then, is it that all countries complain that they are in a state of crisis? Whence comes the general disquietude?

There seems to be no doubt as to the answer. Though the total sum of riches continues to increase in the same way as it did before the war, it is distributed and consumed in a different manner. The general uneasiness is caused by a badly-balanced distribution and consumption. In what does this want of balance consist? That is a question of capital importance for the appreciation of the actual situation of the world. Before all else, we must take into account the increase of public expenditure. In all countries, the State has become fabulously rich.

In the countries which took part in the war, and in those that were neutral also, the Governments levy a much greater proportion of the common riches for the public services to-day than they did before the war. In those belligerent countries which have not reverted to the gold standard, the increase is still somewhat concealed by the depreciation of the currency. We know that, so long as the value of the currency continues to go down, its depreciation is, for many people, a momentary compensation for the increase of taxes. The inhabitants of a country living under a monetary régime of inflation may be under the delusion that they are paying higher taxes, when in reality they are paying lower ones. In other countries which, like Germany, have reverted to the gold standard, it has been possible to maintain the public expenditure on the same scale as before the war; but this could only be done by the abolition of all public debts—that is to say, by bankruptcy—a revolutionary expedient which saved the public finances by means of a gigantic confiscation, and ruined a part of the nation.

England is the country in which one can see in what position as regards public expenditure is a nation which has not repudiated any of the engagements contracted during or before the war, and has returned to the gold standard. In the latter years before the war, public expenditure in England required about two hundred millions of pounds. The latest Budgets have reached eight hundred millions; the one presented to the House of Commons in April somewhat exceeded that figure. Numerically, the expenditure is four times as great as it was; but, in order to calculate the real increase, one must take into consideration the depreciation of gold. This is estimated at about 20 per cent. Taking it at the highest figure, say even 25 per cent., eight hundred millions of pounds to-day would correspond to six hundred millions before the war. England has, therefore, trebled her expenditure in fourteen years. It seems like a dream. There is no other example in history of so formidable an increase in so short a time.

While in all countries the Governments absorb each year a much larger part of the public wealth, there are certain countries, and in each country certain groups, which have become richer and have begun to live in a more luxurious manner since 1914. The countries which have become richer are the neutrals, and those which took part in the war for a shorter period, or less actively: the American States, with the United States at their head, Egypt, the South African States, Japan, and certain smaller European States. "War enriches only those who do not take part in it," M. Romier said recently. In every country the groups or classes which have gained most during the war, and who find themselves to-day in a better position than in 1914, are

England, France, Italy and Belgium. One receives the impression that their situation has not materially changed either for better or for worse. In the main, their wealth, even if it is somewhat differently distributed, ought not to have diminished; nor does it seem to have increased considerably either. It should be noted, however, that in some of those countries the population continues to increase rapidly, despite the war; and that in others the great question of inter-Allied debts has not yet been settled, or is only settled on paper. These constitute two factors which make an exact appreciation of the actual situation very difficult.

As among the peoples of the world there have been beneficiaries and victims of the cataclysm, so also, in every country, the growing luxury of certain classes coincides with the impoverishment of others. The social groups which, by their impoverishment have contributed to the enrichment of the favoured groups, are the creditors, the civil servants and other employees, people living on fixed incomes, and house owners—the last-named, at least, in those countries where the régime of liberty of contract for leases was suspended during the war. In those countries, while landed property was being liberated from heavy mortgages which had crushed it for half a century, house property suffered a partial confiscation for the benefit of the

tenants. For ten years past the tenants have eaten their landlords' houses!

In fact, the wealth of the world continues to increase, but this increase does not benefit all alike, as it did before the war. Some countries and some social groups are enriched, other countries and other social groups are impoverished. The world's uneasiness is due to this disparity. Will it be possible to remove it rapidly, and, if so, by what means? That is the problem which lies before the world.

There is one fact which we must keep in view before all things at the end of this long analysis, for it is of capital importance. The world, in so far as it is an economic organisation or machine for the production of wealth, has resisted all the trials of the World War and the revolutions by which it was followed. During the war and in the first years of peace, one might have feared that it would not be so. At one moment the universal destruction had assumed such proportions that we asked ourselves whether the world's capacity for production would not be fatally affected. Consider that in less than twenty years we have been spectators of five State bankruptcies, one greater than the other: Mexico, Russia, Germany, Austro-Hungary and Turkey! If in the end China should add herself to the list, these six bankruptcies would cover nearly half the world. Humanity would never before have witnessed such a volatilisation of riches in the space of so few years.

Notwithstanding and despite everything, we can now feel calmer on this point. The world continues to work, and to enrich itself; we are not tending, as the Roman Empire did from the third century onwards, towards a period of continual and general impoverishment. The impetus given by the nineteenth century to economic production was so powerful that neither the World War nor the revolutions which it engendered were able to stop it. It is the great hidden power of modern civilisation, which was revealed by the World War in the midst of its furies. While the splendour of a civilisation does not depend entirely on its wealth, still, all civilisations need a certain amount of riches; and they decline and at last die when a historical accident carries off a part of the capital necessary for their life and work.

That is why wars and revolutions proved so disastrous to the qualitative civilisations previous to the French Revolution, and led so often to their destruction. Those civilisations produced and consumed but little. Luxury was limited to a very small number of families, and to very few forms. Work was not intensive, and holidays were numerous; the cultivated surface of the ground was comparatively small, and the instruments at man's disposal not very productive. A war or a revolution which destroyed a part of the capital at the country's

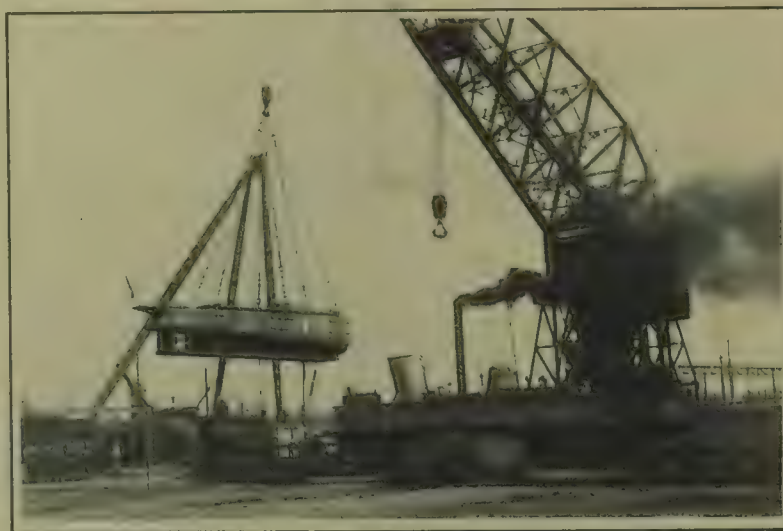
(Continued on page 1190.)



THE PIONEER TURBINE SHIP, NOW PRESENTED TO THE NATION BY ITS INVENTOR, SIR CHARLES PARSONS, O.M.: THE S.S. "TURBINIA" STEAMING AT SPEED.

the peasants, the workmen, landed proprietors, the industrialists, merchants and bankers.

Those countries and classes have profited largely by the enrichment of the world, which continued after 1914 in the midst of wars and revolutions. But if those countries and classes had only taken possession of the new riches which were produced by the untiring activity of our time, the world would not be as perturbed as it is. Those countries and those groups have also attracted to themselves



THE "TURBINIA" CUT IN TWO, BEING TOO BIG FOR THE SCIENCE MUSEUM: THE DETACHED AFTER-PART BEING HOISTED BY CRANE, AT THE TURBINIA WORKS OF THE PARSONS MARINE STEAM TURBINE COMPANY, AT WALLSEND, ABOARD A STEAMER FOR TRANSPORT TO LONDON.

Sir Charles Parsons, the eminent marine engineer and inventor of the turbine, has just presented to the nation the small experimental ship, S.S. "Turbinia," which was built by him in 1894 for the first trial of his invention, and attained the then "record" speed of 34½ knots. It caused a sensation at the naval review of 1897. As the ship, which is 100 ft. long, is too large to be housed in the Science Museum as a whole, the after-part (45 ft. long) was cut off and shipped from the Tyne to the Canada Dock in London. It will be placed in the Museum's new building, which will probably be opened in October. The inventor's first compound steam dynamo of 10 h.p., made in 1884, is already in the Museum at South Kensington. By a happy coincidence, Sir Charles Parsons received the Order of Merit in the recent Birthday Honours just after the plans for exhibiting the "Turbinia" had been completed.

a part of the riches which before the war had been consumed by other countries and other social groups.

There are countries which have grown much richer during and after the war; there are others which have been more or less ruined. There is no doubt that Russia, Germany, the countries which formed part of the Austro-Hungarian and Turkish Empires, and China, are poorer to-day than they were before the war. It is more difficult to gauge the economic situation in the Entente countries,

A "BLIZZARD" OF CONFETTI: NEW YORK'S OVATION TO LINDBERGH.



THE "LONE" ATLANTIC FLIER RECEIVES AN UNPARALLELED WELCOME IN NEW YORK: COLONEL LINDBERGH IN HIS CAR ON BROADWAY AMID A "SNOWSTORM" OF CONFETTI AND RIBBONS FROM SURROUNDING SKY-SCRAPERS.

On his return to America in the U.S. cruiser "Memphis," Captain Charles Lindbergh, who flew the Atlantic alone from New York to Paris, went first to Washington, where, on June 11, at the foot of the Washington Monument, President Coolidge pinned on his breast the Distinguished Flying Cross and named him a Colonel in the Officers' Reserve Corps. The crowd was described as "huger than ever acclaimed a newly elected President." At New York on June 13, "Colonel Lindbergh was welcomed (writes a "Times" correspondent) with a

tumult of enthusiasm never equalled in this city, not even by the famous reception to Rear-Admiral Dewey thirty years ago. . . . For hours before Colonel Lindbergh's arrival there was a continuous blizzard of torn paper, confetti, ticker tape, and coloured ribbons, filling the canyon between the gaily decorated skyscrapers, and drifting down upon the immense crowd. When the procession started the storm of paper redoubled. . . . With nineteen aeroplanes overhead, the procession went to the City Hall. Col. Lindbergh received the city's Medal of Valour."

"LENIN HAS BECOME THE GOD OF SOVIET RUSSIA": A BOLSHEVIK LEADER AS NATIONAL "SAINT."

DRAWN BY W. R. S. STOTT FROM SKETCHES BY A RECENT VISITOR TO MOSCOW. (COPYRIGHTED.)



"HOLY GROUND FOR THE REVOLUTION": PILGRIMS FILING PAST THE EMBALMED BODY OF LENIN IN THE GREAT WOODEN MAUSOLEUM IN THE RED SQUARE, MOSCOW.

In Soviet Russia a portrait of Lenin—coupled often enough with one of Marx—has taken the place of the ikon of pre-Revolution days; and in his most interesting book, "The Russian Revolution," Mr. Lancelot Lawton has it: "Lenin has become the god of Soviet Russia; it only remains for someone to steal his body from its tomb in the Red Square for the legend to spread that he has ascended to Heaven and the drama of deification will be completed." To quote the same authority: "The Red Square, so named because of Ivan the Terrible's bloody deeds, is the culminating point of Moscow's history: it is also holy ground for the Revolution; here to Lenin's tomb come processions of pilgrims, just as in the old days they went to the tombs of the saints. . . . Lenin's tomb was closed for a while. It was said that it had been found necessary to re-embalm the body. . . . Lenin's body now rests in a more elaborate mausoleum. It is a square, brown-varnished wooden structure of no particular style, but on classical temple lines, plain to austerity, and consisting of squared columns and stairways ascending to a culminating little platform. On the front, above the entrance the name Lenin is inscribed in big black letters; and

from the flat roofing on either side meetings are addressed. . . . At night . . . the whole square is brilliantly illuminated with powerful electric arc lamps; the rest of the city is plunged in darkness." The contributor who sent us the sketches from which this drawing was made notes: "Room about 30 ft. by 43 ft. Gangway about 4 ft. wide. Coffin plain glass case. Walls a kind of red lacquer. Guards shifty and sullen. The crowd, as they file by in a solid stream, are nearly as disinterested—or appear to be. They show no sign of reverence or emotion. They just stare. All poorly dressed, mostly in black. There were many children, some carried. No one speaks. Lenin himself is like a wax figure dressed in khaki uniform. Soldiers of the Red Army guard the tomb night and day. The public is only admitted between 5 and 6 p.m. Long before that hour the people line up against the railings, and when the door is opened perhaps as many as four to five hundred are outside. There is no payment for admission. The interior decoration is red and black throughout. Some say it is not Lenin's body, but a wax effigy cleverly fashioned." (See Page 1154.)

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



T. D. ARMOUR.

Winner of the American Open Golf Championship. Born at Linlithgow, and formerly played in this country as an amateur. Now a professional in the United States.



SHOWING KING FUAD'S HEIR STANDING AT THE CARRIAGE DOOR: CHILDREN OF THE KING OF EGYPT LEAVING CAIRO FOR A HOLIDAY.

King Fuad married Princess Nazli in May, 1919. Their Majesties' children are Prince Faruk, the Heir to the Throne; and the Princesses Fawzieh, Faiza, and Faika.



H.E. SARWAT PASHA.

The Egyptian Prime Minister. To accompany King Fuad during his Majesty's official visit to London, a fact that has made a good impression in the Chamber.



JUDGE KERSHAW.

(Born, Nov. 20, 1873; died, June 16.) Judge of the Southwark, Greenwich, and Woolwich County Courts. Formerly Judge of Court of Appeal, Cairo.



THE REV. H. A. WILSON.

(Born, Dec. 7, 1854; died, June 18.) Senior Fellow, and last of the celibate life Fellows, of Magdalen College, Oxford. A Don of the old school.



MAJOR ERIC LONG.

New M.P. (Con.) for Westbury. Held the seat for his Party. Con., 10,623; Lib., 10,474; Lab., 5396. Last election: 11,559, 9848, and 4731.



DR. STANLEY MARCHANT.

New organist of St. Paul's Cathedral. Formerly sub-organist, a position to which he was appointed in 1916. Succeeds the late Dr. Charles Macpherson.



MR. JEROME K. JEROME.

(Born, May 2, 1859; died, June 14.) The author of "Three Men in a Boat," "Paul Kelver," "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," and many other works.



ATLANTIC FLIERS AND THEIR WIVES IN GERMANY: MR. AND MRS. CLARENCE CHAMBERLIN (LEFT) AND MR. AND MRS. CHARLES A. LEVINE.

Almost immediately after the arrival of Messrs. Chamberlin and Levine at Kottbus, on the conclusion of their successful Transatlantic flight in the monoplane "Columbia," their wives left New York to join them in Germany.



THE ROUND-THE-ATLANTIC FLIGHT: THE MARCHESE DE PINEDO GREETED AT OSTIA BY THE DUCHESS D'AOSTA AND SIGNOR MUSSOLINI.

The Marchese de Pinedo landed at Ostia on June 16 on the completion of his flight round the Atlantic. King George has awarded the distinguished airman the Air Force Cross, "the highest decoration that can be conferred on a British airman."

According to present arrangements, King Fuad of Egypt will begin his official visit to London on July 4. His Majesty is to be accompanied by the Prime Minister, Abdel Khalek Sarwat Pasha.—Judge Kershaw, it will be recalled, resigned his position as Judge of the Court of Appeal, Cairo (Egyptian Government) as a sequel to the trial of seven Egyptians charged with complicity in several political murders and attempted murders. The Court—consisting of Judge Kershaw and two native colleagues—acquitted six of the seven accused. Judge Kershaw thereupon resigned, on the ground that the verdict was, in the case of four of those

acquitted, so contrary to the weight of evidence as to constitute a serious miscarriage of justice.—The Rev. Henry Austin Wilson became a Fellow of Magdalen in 1876. From 1894 until 1919 he was Curator of the Bodleian Library, and in the last-named year he was appointed Perpetual Curator. He was a Delegate of the University Press, 1900-1919, Hon. Sec. of the Henry Bradshaw Society, 1895-1926; and editor of the "Journal of Theological Studies, 1895-1926."—Mr. Jerome Klapka Jerome was in his time clerk, schoolmaster, actor, journalist, novelist, and dramatist. He edited "The Idler" and "To-day."

THE KING AND QUEEN SEE SUPERB JUMPING AT OLYMPIA: THE GOLD CUP WON FOR FRANCE AT THE HORSE SHOW.



THE KING AND QUEEN IN THE ROYAL BOX (TOP CENTRE) AT OLYMPIA ON THE GALA DAY OF THE HORSE SHOW: THEIR MAJESTIES WATCHING COMPETITORS FOR THE KING'S GOLD CUP PASSING IN PARADE BEFORE THEM.



WINNER OF THE KING GEORGE V. GOLD CUP: LIEUT. X. BIZARD (FRANCE) ON QUININE.



SECOND FOR THE GOLD CUP: LT.-COL. MALISE GRAHAM (10TH ROYAL HUSSARS) ON BRONCHIO.



OLYMPIA RIVALS ASCOT WITH A GAY THROG OF SPECTATORS, HEADED BY THEIR MAJESTIES, ON THE GALA DAY OF THE INTERNATIONAL HORSE SHOW: THE ARENA DURING THE COMPETITION FOR THE KING'S TROPHY—A COMPETITOR (RIGHT) CLEARING A FIVE-BARRED GATE.

"Gold Cup" day at Olympia this year was almost equal, as a social event, to the parallel occasion at Ascot, for the King and Queen occupied the Royal Box, and the vast enclosure was packed with a gaily dressed throng. The chief event of the day, the international jumping competition for the King George V. Gold Cup, by nearly seventy officers in uniform, produced exceptionally brilliant performances. No fewer than five riders completed the course without a fault, and were, therefore, required to jump again. The Cup was won for France by Lieut. X. Bizard, who rode another flawless round on his bay mare Quinine. Last year he won

the Canadian Challenge Cup. Lièut.-Col. Malise Graham, who was second on Bronchio, lost only half a point in his two rounds. The other three riders who made perfect rounds were Captain W. H. Muir (King's Dragoon Guards) on Sea Count, adjudged third, Lieut. Carbon (France), who was fourth, and Lieut.-Col. Rommel (Poland). If Captain de Lassardière (France), who has twice won the Cup, had been successful again, he would have retained it permanently. Since the war the Cup has gone three times to France, twice each to Britain and Italy, and once to the United States.

The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

AN IBSEN FESTIVAL.—MISS KATE CUTLER.—PROVINCIAL PROGRESS.

ON the 20th of March next will be the centenary of Henrik Ibsen's birthday, and it has been decided to commemorate the event by an Ibsen Festival in London. Sir Carl Knudsen, the President of the Norwegian Chamber of Commerce; Miss Sybil Arundale, whose magnificent performances of "The Wild Duck" are well remembered; Mrs. Kettelsen, widow of the foremost representative of the Norwegian Press in London; and the writer—who produced "Ghosts" in 1891, and obtained the licence in 1914—have formed an executive committee which will take the matter practically in hand. Anon, the Norwegian Minister, Mr. Vogt, will be invited to

by E. L. Shute), we had heard it was the story of a wife who, widowed, with two children, took as second husband a man addicted to drink. She would cure him, but gradually became a drunkard; tried to drown herself, and was reclaimed and reformed by her love for her son, who risked his life to save her. These rapid key-notes indicate the scope of Miss Cutler's part—a difficult one, for scenes of intoxication require extremely delicate handling, lest they become gross.

Miss Cutler very finely marked the three phases—the woman in love; the woman under the influence of alcohol; the woman rueful and ready to start afresh. It was in the second part that the artist

revealed her dramatic power, her emotion inwardly fanned to fury when drink took the upper hand. She never exaggerated—was not boisterous—but she insinuated with great tact the thermometric function of alcohol—from the zero of indifference to the unnatural hilarity, at length to the boiling-point of lost self-control. Such a scene can be spoiled by excess of zeal, and then become repellent; or it can, in the right key, move the hearer to tears of pity. That is what Miss Cutler achieved before a large audience, including many professionals, who cheered her to the echo, and wondered, with me, when will the London managers re-discover Kate Cutler for good and all?

Theatres have played their part in that awakening, since they found their public and are flourishing by the production of non-commercial plays. Besides, have not some renowned actors proved up to the hilt that the London hall-mark is not absolutely necessary for success in the provinces? For years Sir Martin Harvey and Mr. Fred Terry have not only tried out, but pursued, the runs of new plays in the great provincial centres, and come to London—either in the suburbs or to a West End theatre when available—to fill in time. Latterly the cry of "Provinces first" has become more and more general; Mr. Cochran and other astute managers, such as Mr. Ephraim, have first harvested



HOW THE MARIONETTES ARE WORKED BY WIRES FROM A BRIDGE ABOVE THE STAGE: DR. LEIGH HENRY, SIGNORE MARIANI AND GORNO, AND THE MANIPULATORS OF THE TEATRO DELLE PICCOLE MASCHERE, AT THE NEW SCALA THEATRE.

become the patron of the honorary committee, and an appeal for moral support will be made to those still with us who, in the 'nineties, were the pioneers and henchmen of the Ibsen movement—I think of "G. B. S." and Sir Edmund Gosse first and foremost—and to the younger generation, critics, dramatists, actors, managers, who have helped to keep the Ibsen flag flying.

The programme will be a series of three matinées during the week in which falls the 20th of March, 1928; and it is hoped that one of the finest theatres in London will be lent for the purpose, and that leading actors will, under the guidance of experienced Ibsen producers, appear in the cast of the selected plays. These plays are: "Ghosts," "The Wild Duck," and "Little Eyolf."

Although there is every reason to anticipate that the Festival will be largely patronised by all sorts and conditions of playgoers, it has been the primordial aim of the committee not merely to build on hope, but, from the beginning, to lay a sound financial foundation by securing a guaranty-fund of the estimated cost of £600. And it is with great appreciation and gratitude that they are able to announce the generous offer by a donor, who prefers to preserve anonymity, to place this sum at their disposal whenever required. Thus the Festival is not a mere project, but a concrete proposition whereby the English World of the Theatre, honouring the memory of, and our indebtedness to, the great author, will in so doing honour itself.

Why must we wander to "Q" to find Miss Kate Cutler? It is all to the credit of Mr. de Leon that he has given an opportunity to this gifted actress to shine—in the true sense of the word—in a big part. But why is she at "Q" when her right place is on the top of the list at a leading West-End theatre? For (I have said it often before, and many have agreed with me) she is one of the actresses who stand out among the selected few. As a comédienne she has done some admirable work. One would think of her in the same breath as Miss Tempest, Miss Seyler, Miss Jeffreys; but does one? Do the managers think of her? There's the rub! She is hardly ever in London, and most people will not be able to tell you where she is. So it was sheer curiosity that drew me to "Q," just to see how Kate Cutler was faring, and how she would rise to a part requiring great dramatic power. Of the play ("The Price,"

"I told you so"—there is always a pleasure in saying that—it was bound to come, and now Mr. Gillespie, of Moss Empires, makes the announcement of the new policy. The provinces are tired of second-hand London shows, tired of revues. They have, at length, discovered that they are quite capable of enjoying a dramatic life of their own, of being independent. No doubt, the Repertory



A FAMOUS FILM ACTRESS APPEARING IN PERSON AT THE COLISEUM: MME. NAZIMOVA IN "A WOMAN OF THE EARTH."

Mme. Alla Nazimova was last seen in London twenty-two years ago, as an obscure member of a Russian company who, stranded here penniless owing to a failure, were enabled to go to America by the aid of Dame Ellen Terry and the late Mr. Laurence Irving in arranging a matinée on their behalf. Mme. Nazimova has since won fame on the films, but in her triumphs she missed the stimulus of applause. Hence her appearance at the Coliseum in a dramatic sketch, by Mr. Edgar Allen Woolf, in which, as a gipsy murderess, she finds scope for her emotional power and vivid personality.



THE ITALIAN MARIONETTES AT THE NEW SCALA THEATRE: AN AMUSING BURLESQUE OF A CIRCUS AMONG THE RECENT ADDITIONS TO THE PROGRAMME.

The programme of the delightful marionette show at the Scala was recently strengthened by several new items, including several musical pieces and the inimitable "Charivaria." In this *teatrino* (little theatre) the puppets, not being subject to the laws of gravity, can always go one better than human clowns and acrobats. The Mariani-Gorno company has a separate manipulator for each marionette, as well as a singer or speaker for each part. Signor Gorno and his son are masterly operators.

in touring-land before running the great risk of London. Some new plays have been given in Manchester and Liverpool not merely for a week, but for a month and more, and "House full" was the order of the day. On the other hand, undoubtedly the ordinary touring companies, unless led by stars, have experienced a gradual falling off, because their mediocrity does not appeal, or because the charabanc excursions have brought many visitors to London matinées who hitherto were content to be patrons of the local "shows."

Now I gather from Mr. Gillespie's utterance that he is not only building several large theatres north and south, but that henceforth his whole circuit will become, as it were, the fountain-head of new plays. Touring companies of the first order will not be barred, but the intention seems to be to secure new plays independently of London; to man them with the best possible casts; to offer at popular prices (maximum 7s. to 1s. for the gallery) novelty as well as excellence. It seems a capital plan, and, as there is the necessary money behind, it now depends entirely on the acumen and perseverance of the management. If it succeeds—and I see no reason why it should not, as the system has prevailed since time immemorial on the Continent—it is likely to create an entire change in the provincial order of things. It will stimulate local interest in the theatre. It will lead to independence of appreciation—call into being a new phalanx of first-nighters, who will sit in judgment not merely to endorse London opinions, as hitherto, but to make or mar a play. Further ahead I see that the movement will be beneficial to the actors as well as to the playwrights. If the great cities beyond London have their own repertory, their own company, acting in the provinces will no longer mean to wallow in darkness. New reputations will be made. The result will be that London, now sadly neglectful of provincial activities, will be on the *qui vive*—will, of necessity, watch the players and the plays, so that it may draft, as time goes on, either or both to the Metropolis. To put it in a nutshell, the supremacy of London will be rivalled by progress from without. If the new sponsors live up to their intentions, the provincial system will not only undergo a revolution, but a transformation.

THE UNIVERSITY COLLEGE CENTENARY: SCENES OF A ROYAL VISIT.

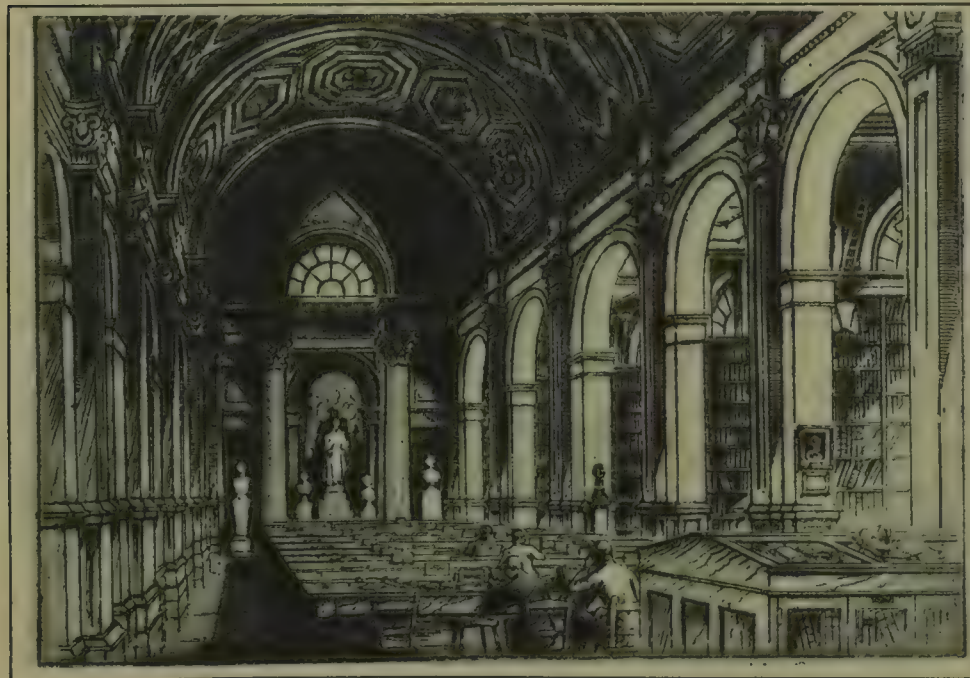
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1. THE PORTICO OF UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON: A NOBLE FRONTAGE OF CLASSICAL COLUMNS, WITH CAPITALS MODELLED ON THOSE OF THE TEMPLE OF ZEUS AT ATHENS.



2. THE ANATOMICAL BUILDINGS OF UNIVERSITY COLLEGE IN GOWER STREET: A MODERN EXTENSION OF THE "MOTHER COLLEGE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF LONDON."



3. THE GENERAL LIBRARY: THE INTERIOR OF THE BUILDING ADDED IN 1849 FROM DESIGNS BY T. L. DONALDSON, THE FIRST PROFESSOR OF ARCHITECTURE IN THE UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.

The centenary of University College, London, the foundation-stone of which was laid in 1827, by the Duke of Sussex, is being celebrated by a week of functions and festivities. The King and Queen arranged to attend the inaugural gathering in the new Great Hall on June 23 (as noted on our double-page illustrating Regent Street), and to visit Professor Flinders Petrie's exhibition of Palestinian antiquities and an artexhibition at the Slade School. The dedication of the Great Hall, by Prince Arthur of Connaught, was fixed for June 24, also the first



CVNCTI ADSINT MERITAEQVE EXPECTENT PRAEMIA PALMAE

4. "PHINEAS": THE FAMOUS FIGURE (ONCE A TOBACCONIST'S SIGN) NOW BELONGING TO MESSRS. CATESBY, WHO LEND IT TO THE COLLEGE ON SPECIAL OCCASIONS.



5. THE NEW GREAT HALL OF UNIVERSITY COLLEGE: A SPLENDID CHAMBER CONSTRUCTED IN A FORMER CHURCH, AS A COLLEGE WAR MEMORIAL.

of several performances of a centenary play. Other arrangements included thanksgiving services at Westminster Abbey and Westminster Cathedral, a centenary address by Mr. G. K. Chesterton, and finally (on July 2) a dance in the Great Hall. This Hall has been constructed in a building that was originally All Saints' Church, Gordon Square, and forms the College War Memorial. University College owes its inception to a group of distinguished men including Thomas Campbell, the poet. The architect was William Wilkins, R.A., who designed the National Gallery.

REGENT STREET OLD AND NEW: ARCHITECTURAL EVOLUTION



1. "NASH'S GREAT AVENUE FROM CARLTON HOUSE TO REGENT'S PARK": AN EARLY NINETEENTH-CENTURY PRINT SHOWING THE OLD QUADRANT FROM PICCADILLY CIRCUS, WITH THE CORNER BUILDING LATER REPLACED BY THE FIRST COUNTY FIRE OFFICE (SEE NO. 2).



2. THE REGENT STREET QUADRANT AND PICCADILLY CIRCUS AS THEY APPEARED ABOUT FIVE YEARS AGO: A VIEW SHOWING THE EROS FOUNTAIN AND THE FIRST COUNTY FIRE OFFICE, JUST REBUILT (SEE NO. 3).



3. THE NEW COUNTY FIRE OFFICE, RECENTLY COMPLETED, AT THE PICCADILLY CIRCUS CORNER OF THE QUADRANT: A BUILDING ON THE OLD SITE (SEE NOS. 1 AND 2) RE-DESIGNED IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE GENERAL SCHEME.



4. "NORMAN SHAW'S QUADRANT, FROM A PERSPECTIVE BY C. W. ENGLISH": A DESIGN ALTERED, AFTER SHAW'S DEATH, IN DEFERENCE TO THE PROTESTS OF BUSINESS FIRMS AGAINST INADEQUATE FRONTAGE.



5. THE BALCONY AND ARCH ACROSS THE REGENT STREET END OF AIR STREET (NORTH SECTION), AS IT WAS A FEW YEARS AGO: A PHOTOGRAPH GIVEN FOR COMPARISON WITH THE NEW ARCH (NO. 6).



6. THE NEW ARCH ACROSS THE REGENT STREET END OF AIR STREET (NORTH SECTION) GIVING A VISTA TOWARDS GOLDEN SQUARE: A PHOTOGRAPH FOR COMPARISON WITH NO. 5.



The fact that the route chosen by the King and Queen for their drive to University College, for its centenary on June 23, lay through Regent Street, was regarded by the tenants of the new shops and business premises in the street as an opportunity to celebrate the completion of its new architecture. His Majesty, however, deprecated any large expenditure of money on decorations, so that the occasion was not recognised as an official inauguration of the new Regent Street, but it was nevertheless treated as a gala day. The great shopping thoroughfare has in recent years undergone a total transformation. Both Regent Street and Regent's Park, it may be recalled, owe their existence to George IV., who, as Prince Regent, lived in Carlton House, on the spot now occupied by part of Waterloo Place. He conceived the idea of building a villa at Primrose Hill, and connecting it with Carlton House by a fine new road three miles long. The villa never materialised, but the road did, and Regent's Park followed. Regent Street was laid out for him, between 1813 and 1820, by the architect

ON THE KING'S ROUTE TO VISIT UNIVERSITY COLLEGE.



7. REGENT STREET IN 1912, LOOKING NORTH: A PERIOD OF ARCHITECTURAL TRANSITION, WITH A MIXTURE OF OLD AND NEW BUILDINGS.



8. THE NEW REGENT STREET AS IT IS TO-DAY: A VIEW NEAR THE SOUTHERN END, LOOKING TOWARDS PICCADILLY CIRCUS, AND SHOWING ON LEFT THE NEW BUILDING AT THE CORNER OF GLASSHOUSE STREET.



9. THE CORNER OF REGENT PLACE AS IT WAS SOME YEARS AGO BEFORE THE RECENT RECONSTRUCTION: A PHOTOGRAPH FOR COMPARISON WITH NO. 10.



10. THE CORNER OF REGENT PLACE AS IT IS TO-DAY SINCE THE COMPLETION OF THE NEW BUILDINGS: A PHOTOGRAPH FOR COMPARISON WITH NO. 9.



11. AN AIR VIEW OF REGENT STREET (CURVING ON LEFT), SHOWING PICCADILLY CIRCUS AT THE LOWER END, WITH THE NEW COUNTY FIRE OFFICE (AS IN NO. 3), AND SWAN AND EDGAR'S AT THE CORNER OF PICCADILLY NEXT TO THE PICCADILLY HOTEL. (Aero Film.)

John Nash, who gave his name to the famous Quadrant. Its original colonnades were removed in 1848. The first design for the new Regent Street was the work of the late Mr. Norman Shaw, but the only part of it carried out was the Piccadilly Hotel. In deference to the protests of business firms regarding frontages, the rest of Shaw's designs were submitted to Sir Reginald Blomfield, then President of the Institute of Architects, who consulted Sir Aston Webb and other distinguished colleagues, and the designs were modified. Writing in the "Architects' Journal" (to which we are indebted for Illustrations Nos. 1, 4, and 6), Mr. D. S. MacColl says: "Londoners discovered too late how fond they were of the old Regent Street. Norman Shaw made a false start for the new by a disdain for conditions so great that it might have compromised all hope of a unified treatment in the Quadrant. Sir Reginald Blomfield has ably retrieved the situation. . . . The County Fire Office is replaced on the old site re-designed in accord with the general scheme."

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

I have been seized by an acute attack of mediævalism, and the initial cause was a new novel by that doughty champion of the Middle Ages, Mr. G. K. Chesterton, for whom, as readers of "Our Note-Book" are aware, they hold no "last enchantments."

In "THE RETURN OF DON QUIXOTE" (Chatto and Windus; 7s. 6d.) is contained the whole Chestertonian philosophy set in the framework of a romantic and amusing story. The love of old-time manners and institutions, the scorn of modern commercialism and social tyranny, the robust faith tempered by exuberant fun—it is all here, woven into a brilliant fabric of incident and dialogue. Realism is deftly blended with fantasy, and humour with enthusiasm. To anyone familiar, like myself, with Mr. Chesterton's entertaining exposition of his ideas in essay form, as presented week by week in these pages for a score or so of years, to have them thus translated into terms of fiction is an additional delight.

The plot of his tale turns on an amateur dramatic production, at a peer's country seat near an industrial town, of a play called "Blondel the Troubadour," written by a modern young woman of mediæval sympathies. The "Quixote" is a hermit librarian who, reluctantly cast for the Second Troubadour, forsakes his beloved Hittite inscriptions, suddenly devours four centuries of mediæval literature to fit himself for the delivery of fifteen lines of blank verse, and eventually appears in the principal part as Cœur-de-Lion. After the play he declines to change back into modern costume, and starts a cult of mediævalism, which, taken up by the Prime Minister, is expanded into a new social régime. The "Sancho" is a humorous young aristocrat, too fair-minded to succeed as a politician, who amuses himself with adventurous loafing and hobnobbing with the populace in public-house bars. The "Rosinante" is the broken-down horse of a derelict hansom, with which "Sancho" rescues a victim of commercial forestalling and "mental defective" legislation, and ultimately becomes the mount of the modern "Quixote." These scenes are incomparably comic. Many other characters intervene, including the mushroom peer and his beautiful, sterling-hearted daughter, and the fiery Socialist who objects to being "ruled by a fancy-dress ball," but finds in "the mediæval man re-risen" an unexpected ally. Three love affairs reach through tribulation a happy issue.

For my part, I trust that Mr. Chesterton, having introduced himself so felicitously as a modern Cervantes, will fulfil the task half-promised in the final chapter. "Some day, perhaps," he says, "the story will be told of the adventures of the new Don Quixote and the new Sancho Panza, as they wandered about the winding roads of England. . . . Some riotously romantic chronicler may yet give some account of how they attempted in various ways to use the vehicle for the defence and consolation of the oppressed. . . . Of how the cab figured as a bathing-machine in the dreadful affair at Worthing. Of how it was regarded by simple Calvinists of the Border as a perambulating pulpit." Thus may Herne the Hunter be eclipsed, as a figure of fantasy, by the tilting of Herne the Librarian.

Perhaps Mr. Chesterton will also issue the complete text of Olive Ashley's epoch-making play, from which he quotes a few lines in the Lion-Heart's speech when, after his escape, he refuses his own crown and prefers the life of the woods, until Berengaria arrives on the scene and reclaims him for monarchy and matrimony. "Blondel the Troubadour" might be performed at some great house near Beaconsfield; romance might repeat itself in history; and Mr. Baldwin, inspired by an arrow-speed message from the League of the Lion, might build a new Camelot in our green and pleasant land.

For the dressing and *décor* of the play, I strongly recommend the producer to consult "COSTUME AND FASHION. VOL II. SENLAC TO BOSWORTH, 1066-1485." By Herbert Norris. Illustrated in colour and black and white by the Author. (Dent; 31s. 6d.) Seriously speaking, this excellent work, with its wealth of sartorial lore and charmingly clear pictures and drawings, will be invaluable to all seeking historical accuracy in stage or film productions. I have never seen better illustrations in a work of this

character. It is also a fascinating book for the general reader keen on social history, and affords innumerable glimpses into biography.

Thus, in a sketch of Cœur-de-Lion's career, we are reminded of a curious little coincidence with that of Don Quixote in the matter of names, for "in 1111, Richard married Berengaria, daughter of Sancho the Wise, King of Navarre." There was a sordid side, it seems, to the romantic personality of him who

Lies, vainly great, at Fontevraud.

In raising money for the Crusades, "he sold many offices [we read] and grants of land at very high fees, and even swore that 'he would have sold London could he have found a bidder.'" In the section on Troubadours and Jongleurs we learn that it was Bertran de Born "who nicknamed the future King 'Richard Yea and Nay.'" Miss Olive Ashley—and generations of school-children—will be distressed to read that "the legend of Blondel de Nesle discovering the place of Richard's imprisonment is pure myth."

An even less flattering portrait of Richard I. is drawn by the author of the mediæval section in "A HISTORY OF EUROPE": The Middle Ages. By Ierne L. Plunket, author of "Isabel of Castile." Europe and the Modern World—1492 to 1914. By R. B. Mowat, Fellow of Corpus Christi College. Illustrated. (Oxford: Clarendon Press; 8s. 6d.) "Richard [we read] turned his golden qualities of generalship to dust by his utter lack of diplomacy and tact." Again: "In Poitou and Aquitaine (Henry II.) was merely regarded as Eleanor's consort, and the people looked to his heirs as rulers, especially to Richard as his mother's favourite. Yet never had they suffered a reign of greater license and oppression than under the reckless and selfish

times. He recalls that, at

Richard's coronation on Sept. 3, 1189, "Baldwin of Canterbury (another coincidence) officiated. . . . When it was known in 1193 that King Richard had been kidnapped and was a prisoner in Germany, the Mayor of London (*Major Lundoniarum*) is named as one of the treasurers for the huge ransom of 150,000 marks."

A celestial phenomenon which occurred just 471 years ago—and, if astronomers tell us true, may have its counterpart this week—had terrestrial results in London. "In June 1456 the reappearance of Halley's Comet, very near the earth, with its sabre-shaped tail stretching across a third of the heavens, aroused general alarm and foreboding of evil, which was more or less fulfilled on the spot in the form of a violent outbreak against the foreign element—the Lombards." The comet expected about the 27th, of course, is not Halley's, but the one named after Pons-Winnecke. Is this season of the year, I wonder, particularly favoured by comets? One would suppose that, like the "dreaming spires" of Oxford, they

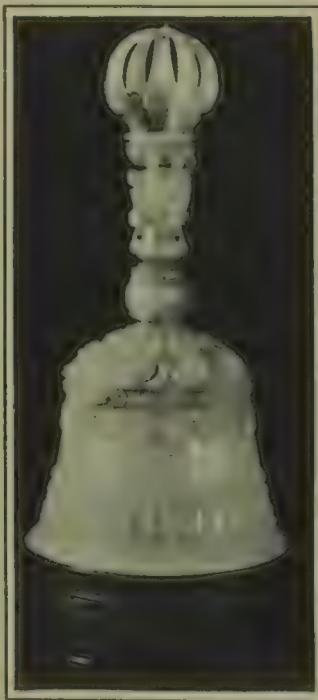
need not June for beauty's heightening.

While comets and their seasons fall outside its scope, other and greater problems of astronomy are discussed in a little book called "BEYOND THE MILKY WAY." By George Ellery Hale, Hon. Director of the Mount Wilson Observatory. With numerous illustrations (Scribner; 7s. 6d.). It takes its title from the last of the three constituent essays, the other two dealing respectively with the Oriental ancestry of the telescope and heat from the stars, and forms a continuation of the author's previous works, "The New Heavens" and "The Depths of the Universe." The first paper contains an interesting account of Tutankhamen's transit instrument

(made with his own hands, as the inscription records), which Professor Breasted, the American Egyptologist, bought from a London dealer in antiquities. The title essay discusses the fascinating theory of nebulae as "island universes," and in thirty-five tranquil pages staggers the mind with inconceivable distances. The more remote spiral nebulae, we learn, may be ten million light-years away, and a footnote casually mentions that "the light-year is about 6,000,000,000,000 miles!"

Extensive as space appears to be, the amount at my disposal is limited, and I must defer for fuller notice several attractive books included in my mediæval collection as concerned wholly or in part with the Middle Ages. Among them are "WANDERINGS IN ANGLO-SAXON BRITAIN." By Arthur Weigall. Illustrated (Hodder and Stoughton; 8s. 6d.); "HOME LIFE IN HISTORY"; "SOCIAL LIFE AND MANNERS IN BRITAIN, 200 B.C. TO A.D. 1926." By John Glog and C. Thompson Walker. Illustrated by A. B. Read, A.R.C.A. (Benn; 12s. 6d.); "FOLKTALES OF BRITAIN." By W. Branch Johnson (Methuen; 5s.); and "THE STORY OF PERUGIA." By Margaret Symonds and Lina Duff Gordon. Illustrated by Helen M. James (Dent; 5s. 6d.), a new and revised series of Mediæval Towns.

I see promise of special allurements in "THE LIGHT READING OF OUR ANCESTORS," Chapters on the Growth of the English Novel. By Lord Erle (Hutchinson; 15s.). Though I hope to say more anon about this book, the fruit of many years of joyous research, a few words from the author's introduction will bring me here to an appropriate conclusion. "In the Middle Ages [he writes] the world went mad for romances in verse or prose. . . . For the leisure of those who could read they were the favourite diversion. Chanted or recited by minstrels, they were the popular entertainment of baronial hall and tavern. . . . Chaucer tells us that in his sleeplessness he charmed the night away by reading a romance. . . . The three great cycles of mediæval romances rested upon forgeries which passed as authentic historical documents. . . . The spirit of the compromise between avowed fiction and fiction disguised as fact is dear not only to the Middle Ages, but to the twentieth century. To-day educational reformers banish 'Cinderella' and 'Puss in Boots' from the nursery; but they allow 'Ivanhoe' and 'The Last of the Barons' in the schoolroom." I am wondering what they will do about "The Return of Don Quixote." C. E. B.



A TIBETAN BELL OF WHITE JADE DATING FROM THE REIGN OF K'EN LUNG: AN EXHIBIT AT THE CERNUSCHI MUSEUM IN PARIS. (FROM M. FREDERIC MOREAU'S COLLECTION).

Art connoisseurs in Paris are greatly interested in the exhibition of jade opened recently at the Cernuschi Museum, and said to be the first held in Europe. It includes jade objects of every period, from 2000 B.C., to modern times, and there are some fine specimens on loan from Mr. George Eumorfopoulos and other eminent collectors. Among the collections represented in the exhibition are those of Dr. Gieseler, M. Frédéric Moreau, M. Fernand Pila, and M. Noetzel. In this country, it may be added, one of the best-known collectors of jade is Mr. Oscar Raphael.



A VASE OF GREY JADE OF THE SUNG PERIOD (FROM THE COLLECTION OF M. NOETZLIN): AN ITEM IN THE EXHIBITION OF JADE AND CHINESE STONE, AT THE CERNUSCHI MUSEUM IN PARIS.

Lion-Heart. . . . In 1189 Richard the False succeeded his father. . . . There was no match in Europe for the 'Devil of Aquitaine.' Thus does the cold light of modern criticism dissipate our childhood's illusions!

Only a historian can adequately criticise a history, and I do not pretend to be a historian, but it seems to me that this compact and well-written volume, coming as it does with the imprimatur of Oxford, adequately fulfils its purpose. The scope of the second part, by the way, extends to America. "The civilisation of Europe," we read, "(as developed on both sides of the Atlantic) sets the standard for all the peoples of the earth. . . . Therefore, in spite of divisions of states and nationalities, it is right to regard the story of Europe as one whole." A compact book such as this enables busy people to gain some belated but necessary glimmerings of the past. The many illustrations are varied and well chosen, largely from contemporary sources.

The tale of that city for which King Richard was open to trade is picturesquely told, with copious illustrations, in "MEDIÆVAL LONDON." By Gordon Home. In Collaboration with Edward Foord (Benn; 18s.), a book which every Londoner should read. The author of "Roman London" here carries its story from Anglo-Saxon to Tudor



A SACRIFICIAL WINE VESSEL OF WHITE JADE, IN THE FORM OF AN INVERTED HELMET: AN EXAMPLE OF THE K'EN-LUNG PERIOD (FROM THE COLLECTION OF M. FERNAND PILA) AT THE JADE EXHIBITION IN PARIS.

THE EAST AS SEEN BY A FAMOUS ETCHER: A CAIN DRYPOINT.

REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF THE ARTIST, AND OF THE PUBLISHERS, ARTHUR GRETOREX, LTD., 14, GRAFTON STREET, BOND STREET, W.I. (COPYRIGHT RESERVED.)



"DAUGHTERS OF ISRAEL, BAGHDAD": A DRY-POINT BY CHARLES W. CAIN, FROM HIS MESOPOTAMIAN SETS.

Mr. Charles W. Cain's masterly work in etching is familiar to our readers from examples which have appeared from time to time in these pages. As noted under that given in our issue of June 11, the exhibition of his beautiful drypoints opened recently at the Greateorex Galleries was the first on a really comprehensive scale to be given in this country. Mr. Cain has spent much time in the East, as a result of his military

experiences in the war. In 1916 he went to India and served on the North-West Frontier. Then he volunteered for Mesopotamia, and as a machine-gun officer obtained a close knowledge of that country and later of Persia. In Baghdad he helped to organise the first art exhibition ever held there. After a visit, on leave, to the Shan States in Burma, he returned to Baghdad and worked there for nearly a year.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

The Queen at Crosby Hall.

The new building attached to Crosby Hall, which the Queen is to open on July 1, is already collecting material for its biographers. The Duchess

of York visited it last year to unveil the sculptured stone above its entrance, and women who in distant years make use of it as a residence or a club will be proud to remember that the great women's leader, Dame Millicent Fawcett, inspected it on her eightieth birthday, when a birthday party was given for her in Crosby Hall. Her friends presented her there with a birthday gift, a cheque for £1000, which she at once presented to the Hall.

The Queen, on her visit, will see the room that is to bear Dame Millicent's name, and the room that has been furnished by the Queen of Norway for a Norwegian student. The Queen herself has furnished one of the study-bedrooms. It has a gold-and-russet colour scheme, to set off its walnut furniture, and a delightful view across the river. The panelling on the walls of the students' common-room comes from old Chelsea houses that have been pulled down.

Tapestry has been hung on the walls of the old Hall, which is now a dining-room, and the students will dine at long refectory tables. It will please them to remember that Henry VIII. dined in this same old Hall with Sir Thomas More. One wonders, then, if the committee ever thought of naming a room after each of Henry's Queens? Surely an act of justice to their lamented memories!

"Margot" as Preacher.

The jaded novel-readers who have been looking forward to the pleasure of reading Lady Oxford's first novel must possess their souls in patience. It may be that Lady Oxford is actually turning her attention to fiction, but the new book she is publishing this week is a collection of essays, appropriately styled "Lay Sermons." One cannot remember that among her many adventures as Margot Tennant or as Mrs. Asquith she ever entered a pulpit to deliver a sermon. No doubt had the idea occurred to her, and the opportunity offered, she would have done so, and the sermon would assuredly have been an uncommonly good one. She would have enlivened it, however, after the fashion of her "Lay Sermons," with so many personal stories that the moral might have been lost in the gossip.



THE FIRST WOMAN TO WIN THE NEWDIGATE PRIZE:

MISS GERTRUDE TREVELYAN.

Miss Gertrude Trevelyan is the first woman to win the Newdigate Prize for English verse. Her poem, which is entitled "Julia, Daughter of Claudius," has just been published by Basil Blackwell, Oxford.

graphical, any more than she can help preaching, and in this book, whether she is writing about taste, or health, or human nature, personal reminiscences come creeping in. Her most sincere admirers, those who appreciate her wit and wisdom, her search for

beauty and her passionate appreciation of it, and still more her very rare sense of character, would much rather read about what she feels she has learned from experience than about the experiences themselves.

The tit-bits in the "Sermons" are the frank comments on certain distinguished men, criticisms which generally are marked by generous feeling.



LADY-IN-WAITING TO THE QUEEN:
LADY CYNTHIA COLVILLE.

The Bloomsbury Revels.

Lady Cynthia Colville, who is a Lady-in-Waiting to the Queen, is a very active, practical woman, and many calls are therefore made on her for help. She is a member of the Council of the Royal College of Music, and just now she is serving on three busy and interesting committees. With Dame Beryl Oliver, she is working on the committee that is organising the Anglo-Catholic Congress to be held in the Albert Hall next month; she is associated with Lady Elveden in the effort to raise a great sum for the extension of Bedford College; and she is President of the committee responsible for organising the Bloomsbury Revels, that are being held at the Foundling Hospital this week. In this latest task, she has the help of

the Duchess of Rutland, Lady Londonderry, Lady Linlithgow, and Lady Oxford, as well as of Lady Titchfield, who has found time in the middle of her Anti-Tuberculosis Campaign to come to the aid of the Royal Free Hospital Centenary Appeal. All these ladies and many more are among the stall-holders.

Lady Cynthia Colville is the youngest of Lord Crewe's three daughters by his first marriage. Her husband, Mr. George Colville, is son of the late Lord Colville of Culross, who was Court Chamberlain to Queen Alexandra for thirty years. Lady Cynthia's twin sister, Lady Celia Coates, has a house in London. The eldest sister, Lady Annabel, is wife of Major J. H. Dodds, British Consul at Tripoli.

A Notable Engagement.

The young Earl of Bandon, who has just become engaged to Miss Marjory Clifton, is only a distant cousin of the late Earl, whom he succeeded three years ago. He was the son of Lieut.-Colonel Ronald Bernard, grandson of the second Earl. Colonel Bernard died several years ago, and his widow is now the wife of the Hon. Charles Littleton, D.S.O., Lord Hatherton's third son. Lord Bandon, who came of age two years ago, and who is an officer in the R.F.C., has a twin brother, an officer in the Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire Light Infantry, and one sister. The Bandon family had its greatest adventure during the Irish troubles of 1922, when the aged Earl was kidnapped by raiders, who set fire to Castle Bernard and burned it down, and then carried him off, keeping him in captivity for some time.

Miss Clifton, the only daughter of Colonel Clifton, of Clifton Hall, Nottinghamshire, belongs to a very old family whose history dates back to the twelfth century. The Wilford estate, which Colonel Clifton sold seven years ago, was purchased by a Sir Gervase Clifton in Edward the First's reign. Like his future son-in-law, Colonel Clifton has a twin brother. He is Sir Hervey Bruce; but,

though the Bruces claim descent from the great Robert Bruce, King of Scotland, the younger twin, Percy Robert Clifton Bruce, chose some years ago to assume Clifton as his surname. Under his former name he greatly distinguished himself in the great European war.

The Reptiles' Friend.

Miss Joan Procter, the Curator of the Reptile Department at the Zoological Gardens, must be one of the happiest women in London at the present

time; happy as the old woman who lived in a shoe would have been able to move her large family into an ideal home, complete with labour-saving devices, commodious nurseries, artificial sunshine, and warmth for cold, dull days, gardens and Wild West scenes for those among her children who were cinema "fans." For Miss Joan Procter is devoted to all her charges, from the malignant little fer-de-lance of the West Indies, to the harmless snakes that coil happily about her arm, flickering their tongues at her. Even as a school-girl at St. Paul's School, she had a love for these creatures which most people think so uncanny, and she had snaky pets in her own home. Soon after leaving school, she went to the Natural History Museum, and very quickly showed her quality.

In the early twenties, when thousands of people would have considered her far too young to discuss the merits of politicians or to have serious views on social questions, she was an expert on the characteristics, virtues, and vices of reptiles, and was pondering the housing problems of the Reptile House. Before she was appointed as Curator there, she had been hard at work over the plans for the new Aquarium, and designing the setting and

scenery which make it so attractive. She is responsible for the scenery which, after long study, has been designed for the Reptile House, and, with the help of the Director and her colleagues, for the labour-saving, heating, and lighting contrivances. There is also an operating theatre, where the reptiles can be treated scientifically if they are injured. It is rather amusing to reflect that a woman has so cleverly deceived the wise old serpents that they are persuaded they are back in their idea of a Garden of Eden, instead of in the London "Zoo."



ENGAGED TO LIEUT.-COM. THE HON. CHRISTOPHER ROPER-CURZON, R.N. (RET.): MISS ELSPETH WHITAKER.

Miss Elspeth Whitaker is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Ingham Whitaker, of Pylewell Park, Lymington, Hants, and of 41, Grosvenor Square, W.1. Her engagement to Lieut.-Com. Christopher Roper-Curzon, eldest son of Lord and Lady Teynham, of 8, Hertford Street, W.1, was announced the other day.



CURATOR OF THE REPTILE HOUSE AT THE "ZOO":
MISS JOAN PROCTER.



WINNER OF THE HAWTHORNDEN PRIZE:
MISS VIOLET SACKVILLE-WEST (THE HON. MRS. HAROLD NICOLSON).

Miss Violet Sackville-West was awarded the Hawthornden Prize of £100 for her poem, "The Land." In private life she is Mrs. Harold Nicolson, the wife of the well-known writer and diplomatist, and the daughter of Lord and Lady Sackville, of Knole Park.

HUSBANDS

Gilt-Edged and Otherwise



THE UNTIDY HUSBAND

Happy Richard—"making hay"
In his addlepated way,
Like a rough, good-natured bear,
Wrecking every rug and chair—
Anne holds most embittered views,
Ever gleaning gloves and shoes.

When she hisses—"What a mess!"
(Men have murdered wives for less!)
Richard, with instinctive tact,
Does the sweet, forgiving act;
Though his den be tempest-tossed
No ABDULLA'S ever lost.

F. R. Holmes.

ABDULLA SUPERB CIGARETTES

TURKISH EGYPTIAN VIRGINIA



A novel fichu-scarf from Liberty's, cleverly designed to be worn either way. It is fashioned of plain and printed chiffon in soft artistic colourings for the summer.

Scarves and Amber.

A novel mode which has already scored a great success has just made its debut. Scarves of every hue complete light summery frocks, and are slipped through rings of solid amber which keep them in position, such as those sketched on this page. These are to be found at Liberty's, Regent Street, W., who have a wonderful collection in amber of every kind in varying tints. A great advantage lies in the fact that they do not slip and are always effective. They range in price from 11s. 9d. Sketched also are a few of the multitude of attractive scarves to be found in these salons. The majority are of shantung printed with artistic floral designs and plain borders, available for 10s. 6d. The one with a bold plaid border is carried out in chiffon, and costs 25s.; while opposite is a "fichu

Fashions & Fancies

SCARVES IN AMBER AND BARGAINS
IN SALES SHARE THE GENERAL
INTEREST OF THE MOMENT.

scarf," so designed with a cleverly cut-out centre that it may be used either way. This is of figured chiffon with a plain hem-stitched border, and costs 39s. 6d. In honour of the King and Queen of Spain's visit to London, Liberty's are showing a beautiful collection of Spanish lace and embroideries. There are scarves and shawls exquisitely hand-embroidered in colour on black net, and delicate mantillas in black or white. Quaint Spanish fans and dolls are included in the display.

The Latest Handbags.

For a long time bags have not been as interesting as they are just now, and the group pictured on the left shows how infinitely varied are the latest inspirations. They come from J. C. Vickery's, Regent Street, W., who are famous for their collection. At the top is an afternoon bag of navy crêpe-de-Chine with a marcellite top of wonderful workmanship. Next comes a really useful travelling accessory, looking very smart in beige leather checked with navy blue and lined with the same colour. This may be secured for £3 15s. Another capacious bag is the black leather one below with silver fittings, conveniently designed to go perfectly flat when carried. Then comes an antelope-skin with a frame of coloured enamel, and below a bag of scarlet leather. The two remaining pochettes are of black moiré with a narrow marcellite mount and a python-skin. Sound investments for every busy woman are strapped coloured leather bags in the new shape available for 1 guinea. Countless suggestions for wedding and birthday gifts are to be found in this firm's huge catalogue, which acts as a splendid book of reference all the year round. Jewellery, silver, and leather-work of all kinds are fully illustrated.

Sale Time in the Shops.

Wednesday next heralds the beginning of many of the summer sales, and by the following week they will be in full swing. To the woman who plans her campaign well in advance, knows what to seek and where to buy, they offer many golden opportunities which are really economical. June 29 is the opening day of the sale at Marshall and Snelgrove's, Oxford Street, W., which continues throughout July. In the teagown department there are two-piece ensembles of lace and georgette available for 5½ guineas, and pretty taffeta picture tea-frocks are 98s. 6d. There are georgette models for the older woman trimmed with fringe reduced to 98s. 6d., and printed cotton georgette frocks in black and white are 69s. 6d. In the In-expensive Evening Dress department beaded frocks can be secured for 98s. 6d., and dance frocks of chiffon and georgette for £5 18s. 6d.; while semi-evening frocks for the older woman in black georgette opening on white and bordered with appliqué white lace are £5 18s. 6d. Princess petticoats of broché crêpe-de-Chine are reduced from

29s. 6d. to £1, and printed silk petticoats in Chinese designs are 20s., instead of 49s. 6d.

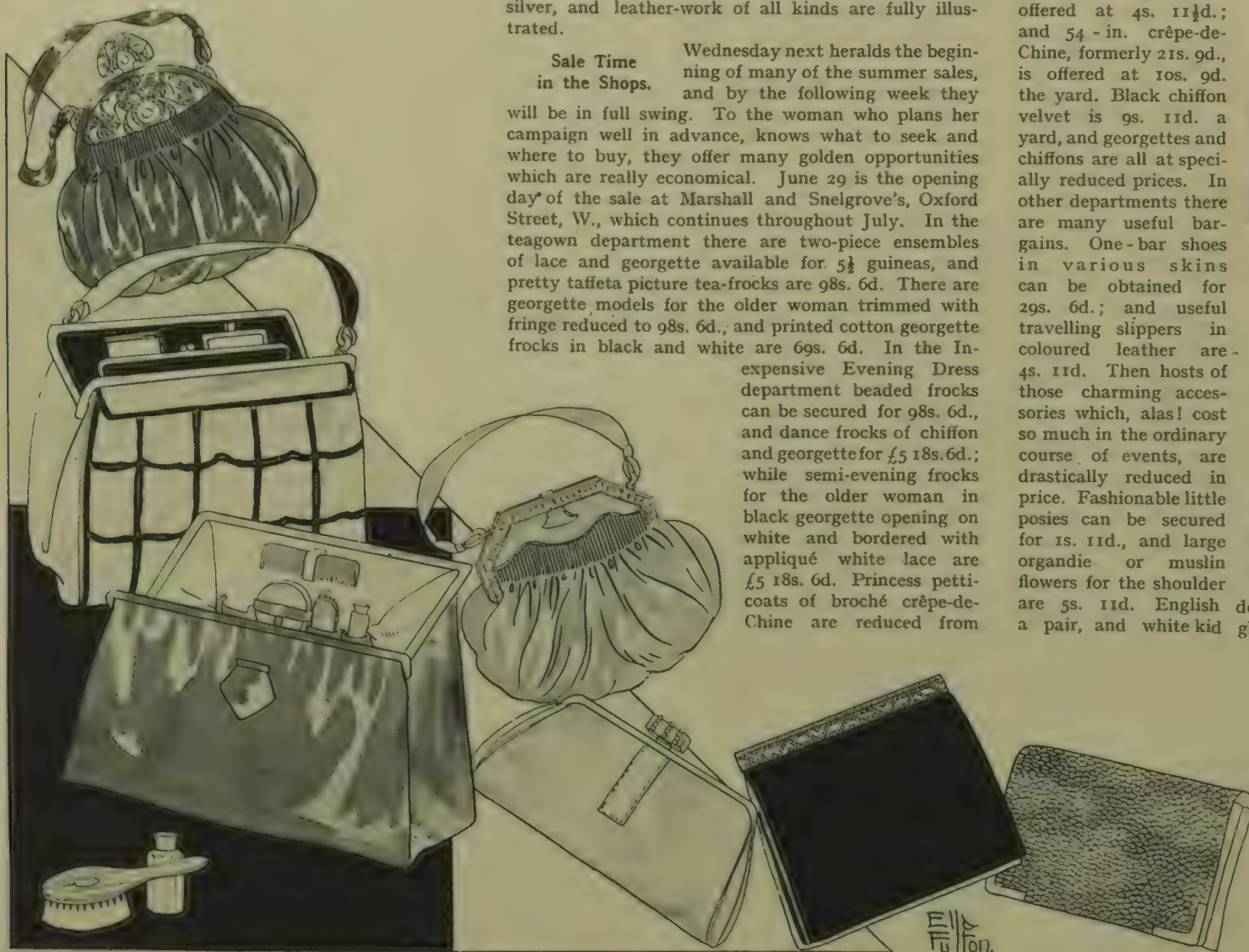
Material Bargains.

Harvey Nichols', Knightsbridge, S.W., have always been renowned for materials as well as fashions, and throughout July they are offering many splendid bargains in this direction. Rich satin Oriental, originally 8s. 11d. a yard, is offered at 4s. 11½d.; and 54-in. crêpe-de-Chine, formerly 21s. 9d., is offered at 10s. 9d. the yard. Black chiffon velvet is 9s. 11d. a yard, and georgettes and chiffons are all at specially reduced prices. In other departments there are many useful bargains. One-bar shoes in various skins can be obtained for 29s. 6d.; and useful travelling slippers in coloured leather are 4s. 11d. Then hosts of those charming accessories which, alas! cost so much in the ordinary course of events, are drastically reduced in price. Fashionable little posies can be secured for 1s. 11d., and large organdie or muslin flowers for the shoulder are 5s. 11d. English a pair, and white kid

From Liberty's, Regent St., W., come these lovely scarves, with the new amber rings to hold them in position in spite of the wind.

doeskin gloves at 4s. 11d. gloves reduced to 3s. 11d., are other wonderful bargains. A catalogue will be sent post free to all who apply mentioning the name of this paper.

A group of the latest smart handbags from J. C. Vickery's, Regent Street, W. They are of leather, silk, and python-skin, some with beautiful jewelled mounts.



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bottled by

Worthington

No. 1

Weddings



THE BEST MAN

Sometimes the "bridesmaids' joy" — more often the bridegroom's scapegoat. Guardian, treasurer (unpaid), transport officer, and super-diplomat. The experienced relieve the strain with Worthington (concealed behind the third palm on the left — there are other thirsty men about!).



THE BRIDEGROOM —

"Less than the dust." The guests provide the excitement, the flowers provide the colour, and the bride that palpitant beauty that will be libelled in the morning papers. But the bridegroom . . . well, look at him! And yet he might be quite sane at other times — a really sound fellow, who keeps Worthington in the house.

— AND YOU

When the last handshakes are exchanged and the last cold bows passed between strange new relatives . . . what is left? A little pity, a little envy, and a palate jaded by flat champagne. Then is the time for a Worthington, cool, bracing, clean on the tongue. Don't miss *that* chance anyway!



THE BOOKSELLER'S WINDOW.

TWILIGHT SLEEP. By EDITH WHARTON. (Appleton; 7s. 6d.)

Edith Wharton stands where "The House of Mirth" placed her, the consummate delineator of spoiled children of fortune in the modern world. There are other expressions of her genius, of course: she has adventured into the fantastic, and she wrote "Ethan Frome." "Twilight Sleep" is one of her masterly novels of New York society. It displays her nationality, her poise, and her great literary gifts to perfection. The social life with which she deals has been speeded up tremendously, and we do not remember that "uplift" appeared in Bertha Dorset's scheme of affairs; there is, possibly, more scope for irony now than there was when Lily Bart dropped out. Mrs. Manford and her circle are futile; and no detail of their elaborate futility eludes observation. They fly from unpleasant realities, from irksome loyalty, from suffering, from painful self-examination. Wealth can achieve miracles . . . very nearly; and these people are the fine product of an America glutted with wealth. Pauline Manford's daily list must be quoted. "7.30, Mental uplift. 7.45, Breakfast. 8, Psycho-analysis. 8.15, See cook. 8.30, Silent meditation. 8.45, Facial massage. 9, Man with Persian miniatures." Mrs. Manford herself, with the best will in the world, could not have disarranged the close mosaic of her engagements. Her daughter, who wanted to speak to her on something rather important (it was tragically important, as it turned out), had been met by her mother's secretary with a gesture of the kindest denial. It is, you see, the age of twilight sleep, of escape from natural pangs; but an escape made possible only by unceasing activity. There was nothing ruthless about the Manfords; their divorces were arranged to cause as little friction as possible, both at the time and in after-effect. But human nature is queerly resilient, and it sprang back in Mrs. Manford's house to something that was would-be murder, and that succeeded momentarily in disturbing the daily engagement-list. It was gone in a flash, and its inconvenient terrors were scuffled out of sight. And with that, Mrs. Wharton takes leave of her characters, still flying from the things

that are unescapable. "Twilight Sleep" is in every respect a brilliant novel.

HOW THE OLD WOMAN GOT HOME. By M. P. SHIEL. (Richards; 7s. 6d.)

People who like to read a book for the story alone will have a bone to pick with M. P. Shiel. He makes it quite impossible in "How the Old Woman Got Home," even as it was impossible in his earlier books. Here is a writer who has the audacity to be imaginative and original on every page, and to cram into a single novel (though a full-sized one) what prudent authors would make serve for half a dozen. How is anybody to get on with the adventures of Hazlitt—and they are complicated adventures—when such a chapter as "Towards Paris" cuts in? The chemical combination of wit, wisdom, and intelligence, to which it refers in a footnote, explodes between pestle and mortar, and blows the breath out of the reader. The truth is, the author-chemist has no sort of feeling for dull or fishlike persons. He delights in extravagance, and his extravagance has a quality so arresting that you cannot break away from it. Wherefore "How the Old Woman Got Home" is a book that, once embarked upon, refuses to let you go. You may have urgent business elsewhere, and beat upon your breast; but three hundred and thirty pages of Mr. Shiel will have their way with you.

RUDOLF STRANGE. By E. H. LACON WATSON. (Hodder and Stoughton; 7s. 6d.)

The Strange family were growing up in the 'seventies, which was the decade covered by E. H. Lacon Watson's first account of their comfortable English life. Rudolf moved on to the Temple, where he failed to be called to the Bar, and, instead, went courting journalism, with advances suitable to his years upon sundry young women. Rudolf tells his own story—such a story as would be modestly told by a nice-minded, intelligent young man who had the knack of making friends among other intelligent young men. It was a good world. Some plain tales about India, written by a very young journalist in Lahore, were making their mark; Stevenson was a name for those who knew what was what; and Conan Doyle had published "Micah Clarke." It was also, by comparison with the twentieth century, a leisurely and

a chatty age, and it is these things, rather than matters of greater weight, that are reflected in "Rudolf Strange." What comes through is that Rudolf was a charming, well-bred fellow, and that to linger (and to dawdle a little) in his society is to be very agreeably entertained.

THE GRANDMOTHERS. By "RITA." (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d.)

"Rita" dedicates "The Grandmothers" to herself, "in memory of Life." The life that she makes use of for the purposes of the book is Victorian, already as strange to the majority as England was to little Jean Margaret Macrae when she landed from Sydney into a Liverpool fog. The seasons seemed topsyturvy to her, and an English November bore no reference to her Colonial father's "Home." For as far as the book takes her, Jean's experience in the land of grandmamma are related with the easy skill that Mrs. Desmond Humphreys keeps undiminished by the flight of the years; and there is promise of a sequel to follow. Whist, and no central heating, and looking down on governesses: it all seems a long time ago. But the freshness of the story-teller is perennial, and "The Grandmothers" is true to human nature, and faithful, at the same time, to the sound conventions of good English fiction.

THE DARK SEA. By MRS. PHILIP CHAMPION DE CRESPIGNY. (The Bodley Head; 7s. 6d.)

The novel of propaganda crops out persistently, and the most light-seeming writers may spring it on their bewildered public at any moment. Mrs. Philip Champion de Crespigny has weighted "The Dark Sea" with a prologue of Christopher Columbus, the Man of Vision, pitted against Church and State at the Court of Ferdinand and Isabella, and dismissed with the finding that the idea of land beyond "the Dark Sea" was chimerical. The connection becomes plain as the story itself, which is placed in modern England, proceeds. The end of the book is a demonstration of the reality of spirit manifestations, and of the consolation of their messages from beyond another Dark Sea. It is a most sincere piece of work, and Mrs. de Crespigny's high motive is clear. But is fiction really the most suitable depository for the matter with which "The Dark Sea" deals?

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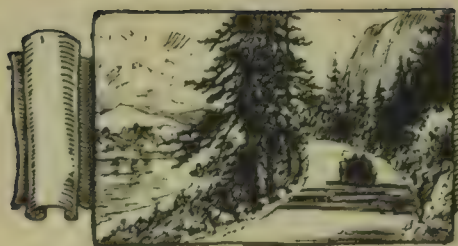
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

By JOHN PRIOLEAU.

THE TWO-LITRE MERCEDES.

IT is not often that any of the parent factories of the motor industry (if such an expression may be used) adopts an entirely new design. By parent factory I mean one of the very few and very select companies that used to make the majority of our



THE "BARKER" SEDAN DE VILLE, FITTED TO A 40-50-H.P. ROLLS-ROYCE "NEW PHANTOM" CHASSIS: THE CAR IN A PICTURESQUE SETTING BESIDE THE EIFFEL TOWER.

The Sedan de Ville is one of the latest types of bodies supplied by Messrs. John Barker and Co.

cars a quarter of a century ago, and whose methods have been religiously copied ever since, in essence, if not in detail, by everybody. If not the oldest, the Mercedes is certainly the most famous of these parent firms. It may be said with perfect justice to have sponsored the design of all the cars we have ever bought since about 1903. I do not mean to suggest by this that the Mercedes is or is not that wholly imaginary thing, the best car in the world, but nobody can dispute the enormous influence those early models exerted on the whole trend of modern motor-car design.

For years Mercedes have followed more or less the lines they laid down for themselves at the beginning of the century. They have flirted now and then with strange gods, as it were, such as sleeve-valve engines, and even—if my memory is not at fault—a form of electric drive; but in the main the cars have not altered in principle. Not until this year, that is to say. This historic factory has produced a car with a three-speed gear-box, and anyone who has followed the progress of Mercedes cars from the beginning will realise what a departure this represents. It may be that possibly during the war, or at some other time for a very short period, a Mercedes car was put on the market without the famous four-speed gear-box; but, if it was, I have no recollection of it. The three-speed gear-box can hardly be called a strange god (I wish it could), but it is certainly a surprising feature to find in one of these cars.

The new model is the 16-50-h.p. six-cylinder, two-litre light car, which I took over one of my

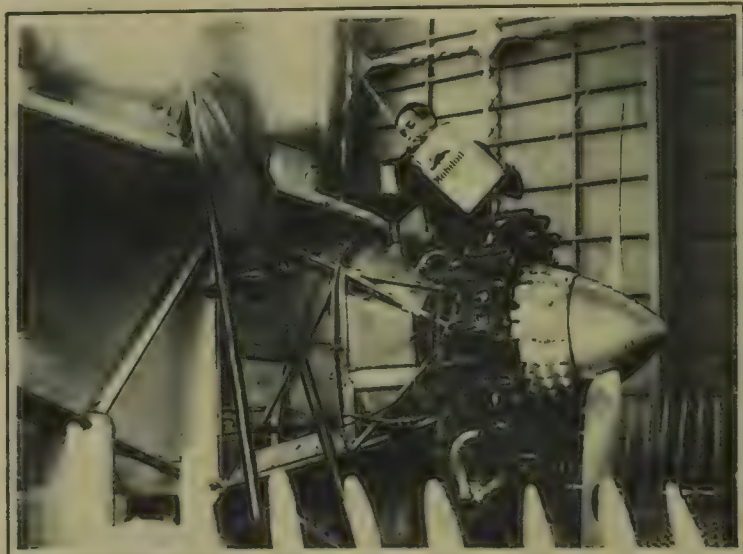
trial runs a week or two ago. I don't want it to be thought that I was obsessed by the three-speed gear-box, because there were a number of other features so agreeable as to prevent my dwelling on this, to me, rather sad circumstance. The engine, for example, is just of that kind which I believe will eventually represent the popular type for the next two or three years. It has side-by-side valves, and considerable pains have been taken to make it an easy job to maintain, and dismantle when necessary. The bore and stroke are 65 by 100, which is now one of the most popular dimensions; the crank-shaft is carried in seven bearings; and the head is detachable in the usual way. It is, as you might expect in a Mercedes chassis, well finished, though by no means up to the standard of its enormous sister, the 33-180-h.p. A single triple diffuser carburetter is used, and the ignition is by battery and distributor. The increasing tendency on the part of Continental manufacturers to instal this type of ignition in place of the magneto is rather interesting, and makes one wonder whether the latest types of the leading foreign magnetos are as good as their honourable predecessors.

Engine, clutch-case, and gear-box form a single unit—again rather a surprise in a Mercedes. The remainder of the chassis does not call for special comment, though it should be remarked that the construction is particularly solid. The suspension is by semi-elliptics fore and aft, and the wheels carry tyres measuring 30 in. by 5½ in. The wheel-base is 9 ft. 4 in., the over-all length being 13 ft. 6 in., and the approximate weight of the chassis, 15 cwt.

Although this new small Mercedes bears very little resemblance to the bigger ones, it strikes you immediately as an undoubted product of a famous firm. There is an air and a feel of breeding about it which are quite unmistakable. It is not particularly fast nor particularly powerful, but its manners are absolutely above reproach. It is a car which exacts respect. It belongs to the inner circle. A number of qualities go to produce this effect, such as very remarkable noiselessness of engine action, a complete absence of crank-shaft period, excellent springing and road-holding, and superlatively good four-wheel brakes; but one does not feel when

noticeably lower than about 4½ to 1, but I must confess that this Mercedes behaved under open throttle in such a way as to make you think that it had quite a high-geared back axle. You can deduce from this that the top-speed performance is good, as it certainly should be. It would be absurd to say that gear-changing is never necessary on main roads (I believe that is the popular expression), but it is quite reasonable to conclude that, for those who like to leave the gear lever alone as long as possible, this car will be more than satisfactory.

The engine pulls remarkably sweetly, and although the car I tried was fitted with a carburetter which struck me as not the most suitable which could have been discovered, "sticks to it" with plenty of pluck down to low revolution rates, and picks up well. The acceleration struck me as rather above the average. The gear change is not easy for those who are accustomed to driving cars with sensitive clutches. I suppose on an average I drive two strange cars



MOBILLOIL FOR AN ATLANTIC FLIER: COLONEL LINDBERGH'S AERO-PLANE "SPIRIT OF ST. LOUIS" BEING REPLENISHED AT LE BOURGET AERODROME AFTER HIS FLIGHT FROM NEW YORK TO PARIS.

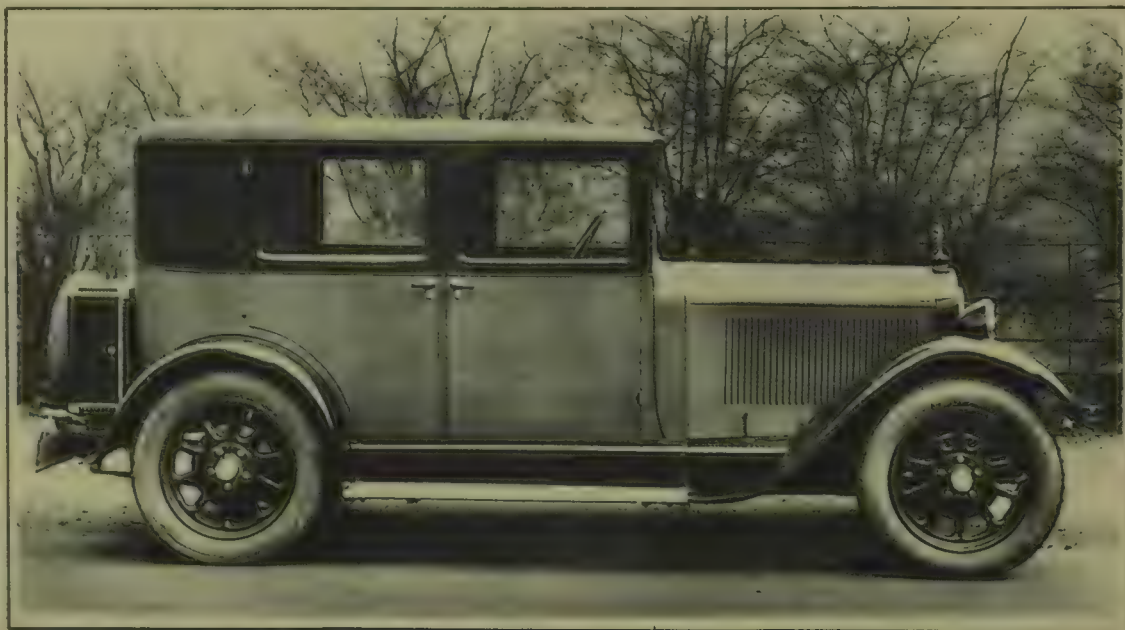
Colonel Lindbergh used a standard grade of Mobiloil to lubricate his Wright "Whirlwind" engine. Mobiloil "B" is specified for that type of engine by the engineers of the Vacuum Oil Company, so that even Colonel Lindbergh made "the Chart his guide"

every week of my life, and I thought I had met every sort of clutch that has ever been made until the other day. I am not complaining of the Mercedes clutch, but merely recording that its action is quite different from that of any other that I have known.

You really have to learn patiently how to change speed quickly and noiselessly. Once you have mastered the trick you can drive the car as "nippily" as any other. To complete my list of grumbles, I found the steering rather inclined to kick back—that is to say, it was not truly what is called irreversible. Nevertheless, it was light and, on good surface, steady. The advance and retard of the ignition is automatic, a system which I dislike, as, while it may save the mutton-fisted from making a mess of things, it prevents people who know how to drive from getting the best out of the car.

The car I tried was the four-seater fabric saloon, selling at £710. It is a four-seater and no more, but there is plenty of room for four people with

reasonably long legs. The roof is remarkably low when seen from outside, but there is enough head room for the seated passenger. The finish is plain but good, and there are a number of details, such as the door-locking devices, which betray a good deal of forethought on the part of the designers. An interesting addition of a very new sort to a very old family.



OUR "CAR OF THE WEEK": THE NEW SMALL MERCEDES—A 16-50-H.P. SIX-CYLINDER, TWO-LITRE LIGHT CAR, WITH A THREE-SPEED GEAR-BOX—THE FOUR-SEATER FABRIC SALOON.

driving it that these things are wholly responsible. Though it has its faults, the car is inherently a thoroughbred, as nearly all its ancestors have been.

That three-speed gear-box, as I have said, is a startling innovation, and another equally startling is the top speed gear ratio, which is as low as 6 to 1. Generally speaking, I dislike a top speed ratio

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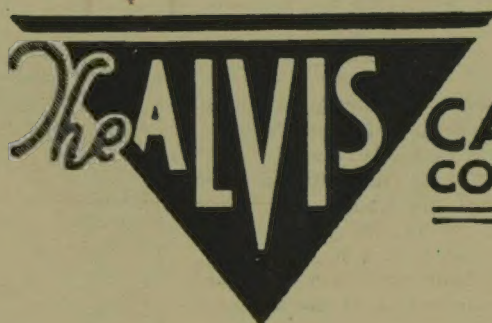
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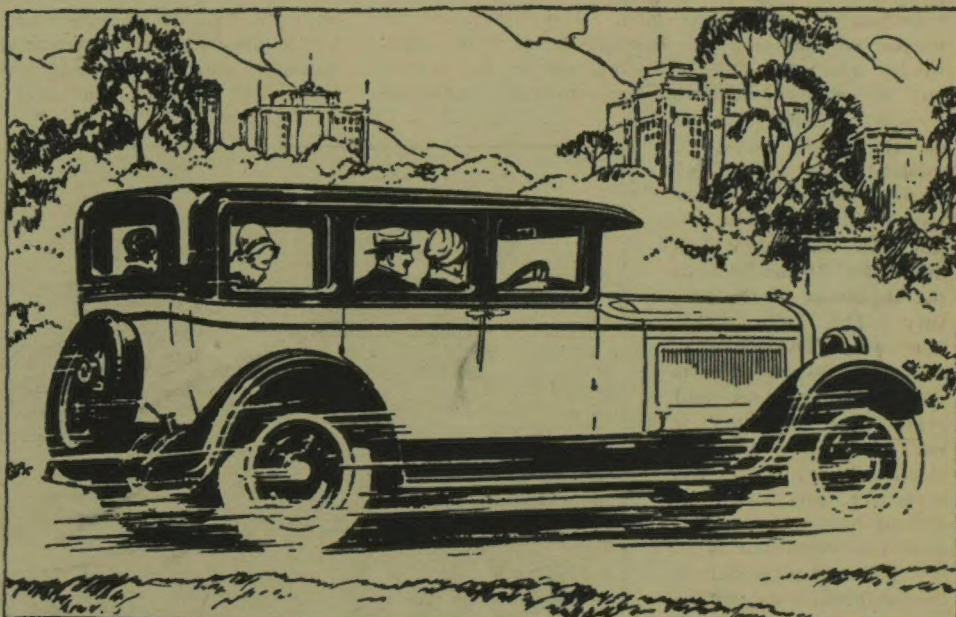
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THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

NEXT SEASON'S PROMENADES.

LONDON is not the only city in the world to have only a short season of opera once a year. In the whole of the United States, with its population of over a hundred millions, there are only two cities with a regular opera season, and they are New York and Chicago. New York at one time had two opera-houses, the Manhattan and the Metropolitan, but only the Metropolitan exists now, and at the present time those who control the Metropolitan are contemplating building a new home for it much further north than the present site. It remains to be seen whether this will not result in the extinction of the Metropolitan altogether, for these changes of site and building of new opera-houses are risky proceedings. Probably not one in a thousand of the regular frequenters of the Stoll Picture Palace in Kingsway remembers or was ever aware of the fact that it was built by an American, Oscar Hammerstein, to be a great new opera-house rivalling Covent Garden. And the brief and disastrous season of opera which Hammerstein gave there after its completion has faded from the minds of all but a few musical critics.

The musical situation in London is not by any means as bad as our pessimists make out, and, when Sir Thomas Beecham announced that the indifference of England to music would drive him to America, a few sceptical minds ventured to doubt whether Sir Thomas would find in America that Mecca of Music which he desires to inhabit. We hear a great deal in England of the great American symphony orchestras and the perfection of their playing, and, in spite of the fact that their members are almost all Europeans lured from Europe by the tempting salaries which look even larger expressed in dollars than they actually are, we may admit that, being financed by multi-millionaires or committees of millionaires, and thus being able to have all the rehearsals necessary, they attain a perfection of *ensemble* to which we in London are unaccustomed.

But having admitted this—and it is all that we are called upon to admit—we can state the simple fact that the mere possession of five or six symphony orchestras financed by millionaires does not make a

country musical. How about the quality of the audiences who go to these concerts? Do they go from a genuine love and understanding of music, or do they go because it is the correct, the fashionable thing to do? I do not know, and it would need many years' residence in the different cities of the United States to enable anyone to give an opinion on this point that carried weight. But it is at least possible, and even probable, that the percentage who are genuinely musical is no greater than with us, and in that case the additional musical mechanism or apparatus is only what might be expected from the disparity in wealth and population between the two countries.

There are, moreover, several musical activities in this country which have been developed a stage further than in any other part of the world. The institution of our "Promenades"—whose continued existence is now secured by the arrangement made between Mr. William Boosey and the London Symphony Orchestra, has no parallel elsewhere, and the "Proms" audience is a genuinely musical audience, owing nothing to prestige or fashion. The coming season will be a particularly interesting one, because it will be the first of a new series under a different management—for Messrs. Chappell and Co. will be represented by a successor to the late Robert Newman. A new character and a welcome variety will be given to the concerts by the fact that Sir Thomas Beecham, who was first asked by Mr. Boosey to conduct, has made it a condition of his accepting that he is not to conduct all the concerts, but is to have the assistance of others.

Everyone who has the cause of music at heart will be glad to hear that Sir Thomas stipulated that condition, for without any reflection on Sir Henry Wood, whose extraordinary physique has stood a strain that would have exhausted, if not killed, an ordinary man, it is impossible for a musician to conduct six orchestral concerts a week for two months without losing freshness and sensitiveness. In order to get through at all it becomes essential to have a formula and play everything according to formula, depending upon the emotional stimulus of the audience to give you a little fillip now and again. It is also essential that the public should hear different readings of the classics. For music only comes to life, only exists, in performance, and professional musicians and critics know only too well from practical experience how little and how much of a work can be given to

the audience in performance, according to the conductor who directs it.

The layman may think that it is only necessary for a band to play the notes. If the notes are all there, then he cannot imagine it possible that he has not heard the composition. But it is possible, nevertheless, and the reason is that musical notation is only a kind of shorthand, and not an exact transcription of what was in the composer's mind. Musical notation is actually a very rudimentary form of notation compared with literary notation. The technique of language is a more highly developed technique than the technique of music, and part of the technique of music resides in the technique of the performer. Words need only to be read, notes need to be played or sung; and, since most people are not trained to play or sing them, they have to depend upon an intermediary.

It is possible to argue that few people read properly, that the great mass of readers are not susceptible to the colour of words, to the subtleties of rhythm, and that when it comes to asking them to read the highly complex forms of literature, such as poetry, they are quite unable to do so, and can make nothing of them. All that is true; but I think that, nevertheless, musical notation leaves more to the imagination than words. It is true that hardly two people can be found who will scan a poem in the same way; yet, after all, it is only poetry which needs to be scanned, and the rhythms of prose are easier. But all music has to be phrased before it is intelligible, and this phrasing is extremely difficult—so difficult, in fact, that, to every thousand persons who can play or sing the notes accurately and quickly which you put before them, there is not one who can phrase them intelligibly. And, lest anyone should think I am exaggerating on this point, I would like to point out that there are many world-famous pianists whose names are notorious who cannot, for example, play Beethoven at all, simply because they cannot phrase him. They are like Board School boys trying to read Greek; they have no conception of how the thing goes; it is simply unintelligible to them.

And there are others who have learned Greek, who have the technique of the language, but who, when confronted with an abstruser philosophical writer, are quite out of their depth. They could understand and read aloud clearly a chapter from Thucydides

[Continued overleaf.]

AN INVITATION TO—

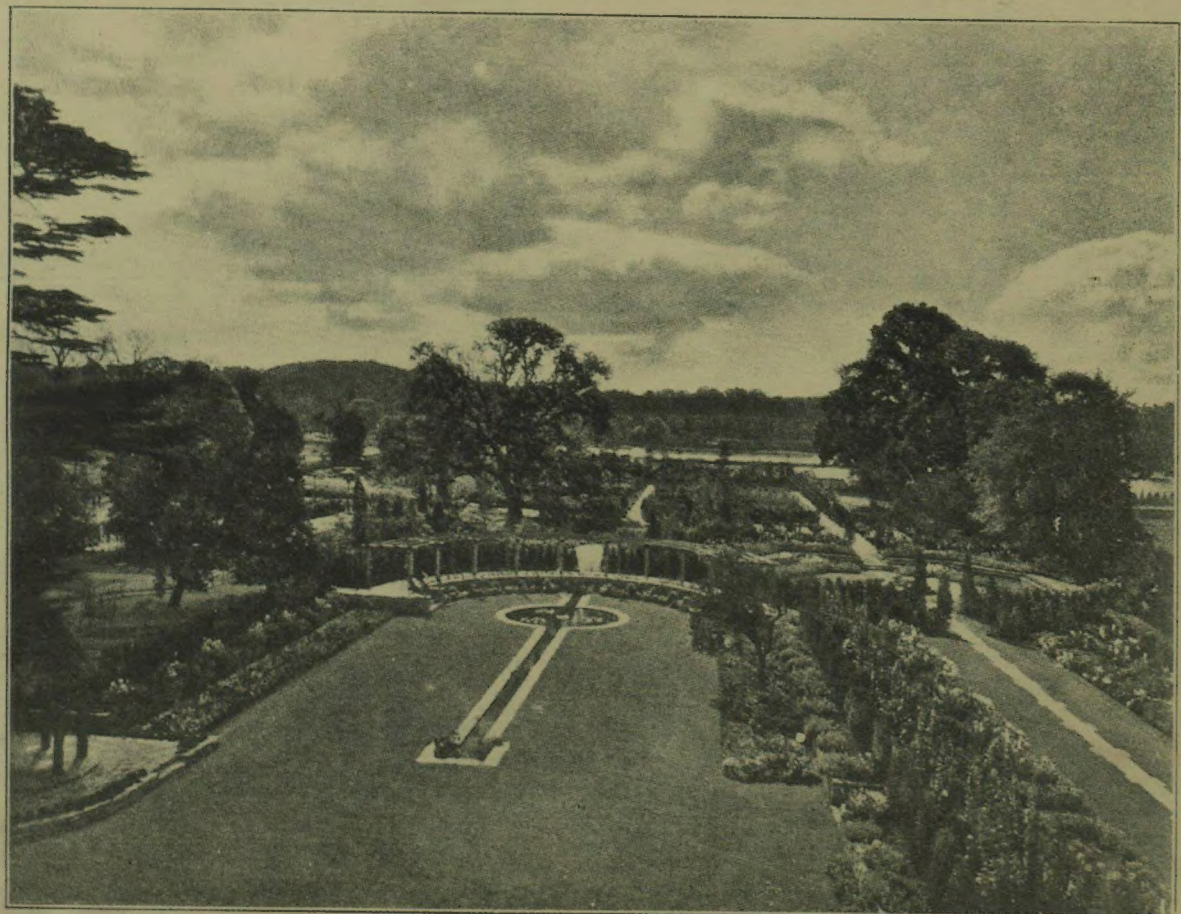
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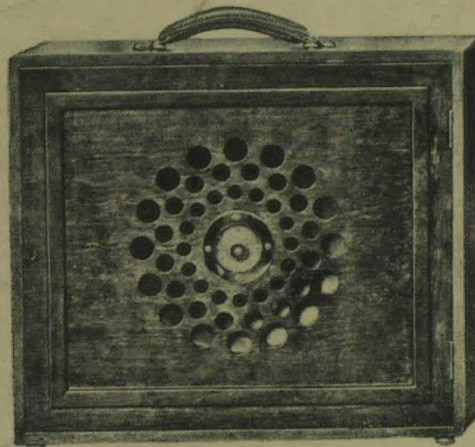
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Continued.]

or from some other historian, or a lyrical poem, but, asked to read aloud one of Plato's more difficult dialogues, they would be completely floored. They would turn it into an unintelligible jumble. It is just the same with music as with literature. There are all kinds of music, just as there are all kinds of literature, and it is as absurd to ask an executive musician to be able to play all kinds of music as it would be to expect one and the same person to read aloud intelligibly a treatise upon the problem of probability, a lyric of Shelley's, and a chapter from a novel by Virginia Woolf. It is possible that one person might be able to do all three, but such people are very rare, and the fact of being able to read one correctly is not a guarantee of the others.

Yet the public goes on expecting pianists to be able to play all the music ever written for the pianoforte, and conductors to be able to conduct the whole repertory of orchestral music. And the public does so largely because of the indolence, and negligence of the critics, who do not instruct it as they should. It is comparatively rare to find a critic writing that Mr. X is a good Chopin player, but that he has no more understanding of Beethoven than the City Editor of the *Financial Supplement* has of Blake; and it is still



"SPRIG AND HIS JOCKEY, T. LEADER," BY STELLA MYNORS: A NOTABLE SPORTING PICTURE INCLUDED IN HER NEW EXHIBITION IN THE WEST END.

Mrs. Stella Mynors, who is well known both as an artist and as a sportswoman in the hunting field, is at present holding a very interesting exhibition of paintings and portraits, in oils and tempera, at the Brook Street Art Galleries, 14, Brook Street, New Bond Street, W.1. The closing date is June 27. Among the sporting subjects are several associated with this year's Grand National, including the above picture of the winner, Mrs. M. Partridge's Sprig (T. Leader up). A drawing of Sprig's head, by Mrs. Mynors, appeared on the front page of our issue of April 2. Another picture represents the Prince of Wales as winner of the Grenadier Guards' Point-to-Points. The exhibition also contains a number of attractive landscapes, portraits, and flower studies.

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rarer to find him discriminating in this way on the conducting of orchestral music.

Therefore we may hope to find next season's "Proms" immensely more exciting and satisfying than ever before. We may expect to find Sir Thomas Beecham instinctively selecting himself to conduct works to which he is best suited, and leaving to others those to which he is less sympathetic or antipathetic. We hope, therefore, that we shall see Sir Thomas assisted by a body of at least four other sub-conductors, who will each be given a chance to show their sympathies and their powers.

In this way we ought to get a really lively and stimulating season. It will also give a chance to young English musicians to obtain much-needed experience in conducting. Because you don't become a good, much less a first-rate, conductor in a year. It took Sir Thomas Beecham many years to attain the technical mastery which he now possesses; and the example of a great musician like Casals, who has recently taken to conducting, but still is occasionally ineffective and amateurish, is before our eyes to prove that, even if you have musical genius, you have to learn by practical experience before you can exercise your genius effectively.—W. J. TURNER.

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